THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY ELM TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Every night against my chamber eaves
I can hear the elm tree's branches swinging;
In the dewy morn when birds are singing
From my window I can touch its leaves.

Dear old tree! It's bark is gnarled and rough,
Broad and high its stately boughs it reaches,
And by boughs and leaves sweet lessons teaches
To my heart whose needs are sad enough.

When my dreams seem fleeing far from me,
Or when by some cruel falseness prest,
Then I, looking out, find peace and rest
In the cool green depths of my elm tree.

Where the little birds build quiet homes,
Where the tiny dewdrops brightly nestle,
Where the summer breezes softly rustle,
And in flickering gold the sunshine comes!

How it braves the wintry storm and cold!
How it ever groweth up toward Heaven,
Nothing daunted, though so slow is given
Year by year new stature to uphold!

And its tender leaves, in crowds that yearly
Come out growing greenly in the sun,
And drop meekly when their work is done,
Have a meaning that may touch me nearly.

I, who often feel impatient grief
That my great dreams come so slow to me
Like the long, long growing of the tree,
What if I am only like a leaf!

God who knows may shortly cut the thread
Of this life before it reaches farther,
Choosing others for His great trees rather,
While like millions I'm unknown and dead.

But I think there's nothing here that grieves,
He holds all within His love so gracious,
Every little deed to Him is precious,
It is sweet to number with His leaves!

On Board the Imperial.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I shall never forget that night upon the broad, shining waters of the Mississippi! The weary day had gone by, and with the evening shades, revived our flagging spirits, luring us to the pilot-house for social chat and music, spite of the danger lurking among the green leaves and blowing flowers upon the banks.

I well remember the picture as I took it then in my eye. The pilot stood at his wheel, apparently engaged in the management of the *Imperial* as she steamed royally over the flashing waves; but there was a half smile upon his lips, which betrayed a hearty enjoyment of the gay sallies of wit shooting around him. Below us, the water glowed with ruddy gleams of light, such as only can light up the beauties of the Mississippi to sunset radiance. Purple shades crept in with the gold and crimson along the green banks, and the monotonous, yet musical splashing of the waves under the vessel, helped to kindle the romance of our natures beyond the limits of total reticence.

We were a large party, and the little pilot-house was full. The captain sat at my side, holding the guitar which he had brought up from the cabin, with exemplary patience, while the first clerk finished a story he was relating to an officer's pretty young wife opposite. The others listened in amazement, or looked out upon the scene, as best pleased them. When it was ended, a song was called for unanimously.

I did not feel like singing, yet the sweetness of the hour made me obliging. I took the guitar and accompanied myself in a gay little song from "La Traviata," which met with such signal success as to seal my doom for the remainder of the evening. Duetts, trios, and quartettes followed, and we entered into the spirit of what we sang, after awhile, most heartily. The sun was gone; the night deepened, and the moon rose calm and white over the still earth. Out upon the night, mingled with the rush of the waves, floated the voices, and the woods caught the echoes to send them back faintly, when we swept by a hill in our steady stateliness. By and by, I played only, while others sang, listening with all my soul alive and reveling in sweet sounds—listened till my arms wearied and my fingers fell limp among the strings of the instrument.

"Thank you, Miss," came from the pilot with a deep breath of satisfaction, as the music ceased. "I have passed many a night on this river, and have seen beautiful scenes; but no night has ever been happier and more beautiful than this. If I never see another, I shall not forget the pleasure this gives me."

Something in his last words struck me as sad, almost prophetic. As we made a curve round a bend in the stream, the moonlight fell full upon his face, and I saw that it was earnest, his dark eyes dreamy and sad. Yet as his glance met mine he smiled cheerily, and again glanced at the guitar.

"It is a little thing to give so much pleasure."

"Our chief pleasures come from little things often," I said.

"Yes. After all, though, it only speaks through some kindly hand—not of itself. A moment since, it almost brought tears to my eyes. Now it lies mute and lifeless," and he sighed.

Here a merry laugh rang out, and the captain's blue eyes turned roguishly upon the bronzed pilot.

"Romantic and sentimental, as I live! Why, Powell, what has come over you, man? You are not often guilty of such weakness."

"I guess it's the influence of the company I'm in," answered Mr. Powell, with a laugh.

"To be sure," broke in the pretty little creature opposite, whose soldier husband waited her at Memphis. "You forgot, captain, that the lady by your side is a 'Story Writer.' Oh, my! we must all look out, or the first thing we know, we shall all be in print."

I laughed,—perhaps was guilty of a slight blush, but thought to myself that they need not be afraid. Alas! that fair young creature little thought how soon the public prints would take her name and bear it far and wide over the country, or under what mournful circumstances.

"Can you tell stories as well as you write them?" asked the captain, turning to me.

"I do not know. The little ones at home used to think so, when they gathered about me in the twilight."

"They are good critics, and I have a childish fondness for stories myself. Ladies and gentlemen, I vote for a story. What say you? Something impromptu and original."

"Yes, 'a story,' 'a story,' ran through the group, and I was helpless. It did not please me wholly, to be [illegible]p as 'entertainer General' to the party, but I had nothing better to do, and the next moment smiled at the momentary feeling of annoyance the request had called up."

"I will gratify you on one condition," I said. "You are to believe what I shall tell you religiously, and at the same time acquit me of any element of superstition in my nature. I shall tell you a very marvelous story, if any at all."

"Oh, of course we will believe you, and not think you a bit superstitious. Marvelous stories are exciting. Pray let us have it at once."

The captain's tone was playfully mocking, but I leaned back in sober earnestness against the glass of the window, and began without preface, as the little incident drifted to my mind:

"I was quite a young girl when the event occurred which I am going to relate—perhaps not more than ten years of age. Timid I had never been. On the contrary, I was rather rash and fearless than timid. Old stories of 'ghosts' and 'hobgoblins' only made me laugh, while the faintest whispers of a mysterious thing, set me into a search for an *expose*. I generally inferred that there was a natural cause for everything, which a practical person might easily get at, with a little patience, and it was my delight to unravel mysteries and have a good laugh at the expense of others.

"One night our house was crowded with guests from the country, who had come into our little town to attend a 'protracted meeting,' as it was called there. These 'meetings' generally lasted a week,—two, and sometimes three, were added, if the excitement could be kept up—and now every available chamber was brought into use for the guests, until this interesting time should be over.

"I had been promoted from the nursery to a dear little white chamber of my own, but had to give it up to two young girls on this occasion, and share my sister's lower down the corridor. The door to it opened from the first landing above the main hall, and the light from the hall lamps lighted it brightly, so I was in no hurry to get up-stairs on account of the gas being extinguished above.

"The family, save my mother, were all at church that night. She remained at home to tend a little baby brother who was ill, and as my father was absent, my thoughts constantly turned to her until the excitement in the church completely absorbed my childish interest.

"When it was over I stole away from the others, and as it was but a little distance, ran home and hid myself in the recess of a window, where I sat thinking over the scene and trying to get rid of the doleful sounds of weeping and lamentation which still rang in my ears.

"No one found me out. After awhile they went up stairs, and I could hear the merry little peals of laughter peculiar to young girls when three or four get together, floating down stairs now and then. Gradually all grew still. A servant came and put the lights out in the parlor. Still I sat where I was for some time—till every one except mamma was asleep, indeed; then I stole softly up to sister Lillie's room.

"As I opened the door a long line of light fell across the carpet. As here was extinguished, I left the door open in order to see where to put my dress when I disrobed, and sprang thoughtlessly into bed without closing it. Lillie was tired and slept well. She had not heard me, as I moved about softly, and just as I was going to lay my head upon the pillow I bethought me of the door.

"'Pshaw,' I said, and a little flash of annoyance came over me. 'I have left the door open and must get up again to close it. What a silly little girl!'

"One more moment and I should have been upon the floor had not an object attracted my attention which prevented the quick movement I contemplated. A large cat came upon the threshold, crossed the bar of light and stood out in the darkness of the room. I then perceived that the creature had innumerable eyes, at which I gazed steadily in wonder, but with no thought of fear. I even laughed a little hushed, amused laugh at the 'fanny Tommy' which had so suddenly made its appearance. I could remember no cat in the neighborhood so large as this one; certainly none with so many eyes; and while I was puzzling myself over it the thing disappeared as quick as it came, though it did not go out at the door.

"As I went to the door to close it, I heard the sharp cry of my little pet brother from mamma's chamber on the first floor. She had let the nurse go home that night, and with the thought that she might want assistance with the sick child I went below. I found her sitting in a large chair hushing Neddie to sleep again when I entered. I told her what I came for, and sat down beside the grate, in which a pleasant little fire glowed brightly. Pretty soon Neddie was deposited upon his bed, and mamma drew her chair nearer the grate. She seemed wearied and sad, scarcely noticing my presence as she rocked herself back and forth gently.

"While I sat watching the flickering light upon her pale, sweet face, the soft, distinct pat of little feet fell upon my ears. I turned my head involuntarily and saw the great cat spring from the lower stair through the open door, and walk directly toward me. As it passed, I noticed that the color was gray, barred with black stripes around the body. Brushing against my side as it passed the creature walked up to the wall, turned around and lifting itself upon its feet rabbit fashion seemed to brace its back against the marble most determinedly.

"Filled with wonder and amazement, I took up the poker and touched it. To my astonishment it resisted me like a stuffed figure, without life or motion. A cry of surprise and consternation burst from my lips.

"'Mamma! see what a strange cat! I saw it up stairs awhile ago. Now it is here. Just take the poker and see what an odd thing it is.'

"Mechanically she took the poker into her hand and touched it, an amused smile upon her lips. But the same instant a shade of surprise passed over her features, and she bent an earnest look upon it which doubly excited my wonder. My mother was no timid, visionary woman, but earnest, sound and practical. I could trust her face as I trusted God's beautiful sunshine, as an indication of genial Nature's blessings and good will to man; therefore her swiftly changing features told me of alarm as well as surprise.

"In a moment she checked herself suddenly and leaned back in her chair.

"'Child, go to bed! Why do you sit up so late? I ought at once to have sent you back, for you ought to have been asleep two hours ago.'

"'But the cat?' I said persistently. 'Isn't it queer?'

"'Queer! what can there be in a cat that can be called "queer?" My child, go to bed and trouble yourself no more about such silly things.'

"I obeyed her from a habit never to hesitate in this—always to me pleasant—duty. I loved my mother fondly, and her word was law. But as I went up stairs it occurred to me that she sent me off merely to prevent my growing excited over a really mysterious thing. She had always taken pains to root all fear and superstition from our natures. I had often heard her say that nothing could pain her more than to see a child of hers growing up a coward, either morally or physically.

I had not more than reached the chamber before that strange thing—cat, or whatever it might be—was beside me. I heard it pat, pat, pat up the stairway, and then it touched my garments as it passed. You may not believe me, but I closed the door and went to bed, absorbed in thought of my strange visitor, but not at all frightened. Once or twice I looked out of my nest to catch the gleam of those kindling eyes, but it was gone—at least it was not visible to me.

"On the following morning, I, of course, told the story to the others of the family, and got well laughed at for my pains. A vivid imagination had always been imputed to me, and in the face of all my fearlessness and freedom from superstition, they would insist upon it that I had been 'deep in some of my wild Legends from the German, and that my imagination had played me a trick upon the strength of them.' Expostulations were vain; they only laughed the more. In despair I appealed to mamma, but she only shook her head and smiled. Thus beset, I became proudly silent, till on the succeeding night, when the same 'vision' appeared to me. At the first glance I started up in bed and called out to Lillie. I had not expected to see it again, and the sight rejoiced me, as I thought it would prove that all was not attributable to my 'Legends' and my 'imagination.'

"Sister half rose upon her elbow, eager and trembling, but saw nothing, and fell back laughingly. I continued to talk fast, and try to point it out, until I grew excited and angry. She would not look, but only laughed the more, while I sat there in bed, looked at the strange, twinkling, perplexing eyes, and wept with vexation.

"From that time forth my 'Ghost' was the pet joke of the household. I heard nothing else. They twitted me about it from morning till night, and usually my greeting upon leaving the bed was, 'Well, how's your ghost? Are his lordship's eyes as numerous and bright as ever?' Whereupon I would close my lips in proud disdain, and keep my own counsel. It came every night, invariably. No matter if the doors were shut or not. If I fell asleep without a glance from the bright eyes, I was sure to wake before morning and see them somewhere in the room. But what was strangest of all, those eyes disappeared one by one, till only a single orb remained. Suddenly, while I gazed at that, sparks seemed to fly from the outer circle of the fiery globe, and continued until it was gone, and there was no more to be seen. That was the last visit I ever received from the mysterious cat, and ends my story."

A little storm of applause followed the effort I had made, mingled with merry laughter and jesting. Only the pilot was serious enough to ask if anything strange happened after that in the family."

"'Neddie died,' I answered with a great sob swelling suddenly in my throat at the pain recalled by his loss. 'After that, my beautiful mother, whom we laid to sleep beside him ere the grass covered the little grave that held so much of our hope and joy. But if I talk this way you will think I *am* superstitious; so we will have something pleasanter. Though I acknowledge myself powerless to solve the mystery of my cat's visits, I still insist that there must have been a natural cause for this singular occurrence, and will not think of it, save to amuse myself and others. Suppose, friends, we go down to the cabin, and have a game of whist or chess."

The proposition was accepted readily, and the party descended the stairs merrily. In leaving, Mr. Powell detained me to say good-bye, and express his thanks. A depth and earnestness in his voice thrilled me as he held my hand for an instant in his hard, rough palm.

"Thank you for your music and your story, miss. When you are sleeping, I shall remember as I drift along the stream, how kindly you have tried to amuse us, and it will help me to pass the lonely night. It will be lonely, for I am very unaccountably depressed this evening. I am not often sad—seldom foreboding."

"But are both to-night, I see. I dare say it arises only from the sweet soft beauty of the night, and the dangers that lurk among those fragrant thickets we may pass. There are many dangerous places."

"Yes, we can't tell when a pack of those soulless guerillas may pour a volley of shot and shell into us. But I am used to that now, and scarcely think it troubles me. Don't let me detain you longer. Good night, and God bless you."

A smile was upon my lips as I went below, for I was really amused at what seemed mere sentiment. Still, when I had time to think of it more, it impressed me to a restlessness I could not overcome. We played a game of whist after going to the cabin, then separated for the night, and it may have been only fancy, but I thought that there was more of earnestness than usual in our leave-takings, more of kindly interest and feeling expressed than on any other occasion. The gentlemen each shook hands with us, and the ladies left kisses upon each other's lips before entering their state-rooms. The pretty little wife of the young officer waiting at Memphis came up to me with a sweet, childlike manner that won my heart at once, putting her arms round my neck, and leaning a bright little head with a wealth of glossy tresses against my bosom.

"It makes me sorry to say good night," she said, with a soft little laugh. "I'm sure I don't know why. Perhaps it's only because I've been so happy this evening, and am not sleepy now. Besides, you know we shall get to Memphis to-morrow, and I may never see any of you again. This is the curse of travel. All the nice friends we meet, drift away from us, and that is the last we know of them, nine cases out of ten."

"You will find a good substitute for all you have met on this trip," I smilingly said, looking down at her till the quick blood leaped to her cheeks in crimson spots, and a glad light beamed from the blue eyes.

"Yes," softly and tenderly. "I shall find my own dear husband." Tone and words said: "All my world," in the frank utterance.

When she was sweetly sleeping hours later, I still sat inside of my state room door, but looking through it and out into the calm night. I could not sleep, and my restless wakefulness made me inexpressibly sad. The thousands of stars beaming from a clear sky above, were but as pitying eyes bent upon the earth, now the scene of contention and war such as history had never recorded. I was thinking of the many desolated homes; the many crushed hearts whose hopes had gone out with the red tide of warm young blood upon many battle-fields. Even that river, could it yield up its secrets, would tell tales of sorrow and bereavement almost surpassing credulity.

A sudden grating sound made me look out towards the shore. The *Imperial* had landed for wood, and in a moment more, the crew had planted a blazing torch upon the lower deck, by the light of which they worked sturdily till the huge pile of dry hickory had diminished.

Leaning over the guards, I watched the rough, uncouth figures as they passed between me and the ruddy light, thoughts of that strange, wild scene in the "Fire-worshippers" passing through my mind. While I looked, a splash in the water just beneath me, called my attention to the spot, and I saw the figure of a man lift itself from the water to the deck. It might have been one of the crew, who had taken an impromptu bath; but it did not seem quite likely. There was a cautiousness and silence in his movements suspicious, to say the least, and he had glided from sight too quickly to satisfy me that all was right. All my restlessness had gone in a moment. Ideas and visions floated away. There was necessity for immediate action, and I went straight to the stewardess to waken and send her to the captain.

Contrary to my expectation, she was sleepy and cross, uttering a prompt refusal to be "bothered with timid white-folkses whims." So I went away, resolved to find the captain myself, and tell him what I had seen.

The *Imperial* was underway again, when I went out upon the guards. With steady clang the ponderous wheels began to move, propelling us swiftly down the stream. In a few moments the captain passed up the guards to ascend to his room in the Texas, and as he neared me I accosted him with my brief story. He listened with attention, and went immediately below to institute a search; but nothing being found, he soon came back, smiled a little at what he evidently considered my womanly timidity, and bidding me good-night a second time, bowed himself into obscurity.

The presicence of coming evil grew strong upon me—so strong that I was angry at the seeming indifference displayed by the captain. The sentinel still paced upon the lower deck, and the whole crew was there. Still I was dissatisfied and sat down upon the side of my berth in thought. That evil was near, I *felt* rather than feared. But the shape did not define itself in my mind. Speculation did not avail me in rendering the matter any clearer, as the hours sped by, and I should at length have retired, endeavoring to forget my restlessness, had not a singular odor penetrated my state-room just as I rose to disrobe.

Softly unclosing my door, I looked out and saw a thick cloud of smoke rising along the side of the *Imperial* from the lower deck. That instant, I knew that the vessel was on fire, but even then, paused to assure myself. By leaning over the guards, I could faintly see through the smoke, a red glare, and a line of flame leaping along a quantity of hay which was stowed away in large bales on deck. Near these were some barrels of oil which I remembered to have seen when visiting the machinery below, and this had taken fire. Though I had not paused the space of a minute, the terrible element was making rapid leaps toward the cabin, while the confusion on deck had become awful. The men shouted hoarsely, while the horses plunged in mad fright, screaming with almost human voices in their agony.

I have always thanked God for presence of mind during moments of danger, and it was not denied me in that awful time. In less than a minute I had thrust my purse into my bosom, dropped all superfluous portions of dress, and taken off my shoes. The next thing was to tie on a life preserver which hung by my berth, and then to run to the other state-rooms. I knew by the commotion that the inmates had been awakened, and it was now my purpose, having prepared myself to aid them all in my power.

The scene which met my gaze in the next moment beggars description. The state-rooms were vacated, the inmates rushing out into the cabin, pallid with fright, and giving vent to such screams as never before greeted my ears. The fatal truth had spread already, and the word "fire" quivered upon every lip. The gentlemen had rushed out also, without dressing, save in their pantaloons; and many were as feeble and helpless in their fright as the ladies. I saw at once that little help could be expected from them.

"Friends," I cried earnestly, "try to calm yourselves for a moment and act. Let each lady tie about herself the life preserver in their rooms. Do not try to save any baggage or articles of dress. Life is worth more than all these, and we must take to the water. Be quick, and do it without confusion. I will help you."

Some obeyed readily; others fell helpless to the floor, while a few rushed about wildly, screaming, not knowing which way to go. Amidst the clamor and confusion, I made myself understood sufficiently to give direction to their movements.

"Go to the stern of the boat and stand still. The fire is nearer the bow, and you cannot escape forward, even if they succeed in running in to the shore. Those who cannot swim will have to be taken off in the boats. But for your lives do not rush about so confusedly. You expose yourselves to the danger you would avoid."

All now burst through the door, and I hastened to find Mrs. Nelson, the officer's wife, whom I had missed in the excitement. She was lying upon the floor of her room in a deep swoon. To seize a life preserver, tie it around her waist,

and then dash water from a basin in her face, was the work of a minute. She gasped, started up and looked at me wildly.

"Be quiet," I said as assuredly as I could. "We are in danger, but a little care may save us all. I can swim, and with this life preserver on, you cannot sink, so if we get into the water, as we must, I will help you to the shore. Only be calm, and do not let fright unnerve you."

She clung to me like a child, while I half carried, half led her out.

But what folly to hope for reason in a moment like that! With all their efforts, they could not run the ponderous vessel ashore, before the whole of the lower deck was enveloped in flames, now leaping in great red tongues along the guards, till the heat scorched us. The boats had been cast to the water, and one man, braver and steadier than the others, seemed to have taken into his hands the management of them. The captain, in despair of saving us by other means, had by this time made his way back to the stern of the vessel, and began to lower the ladies into the boats.

The first two loads went ashore safely, but as the fire roared nearer, the people grew more mad and rash, leaping into the water headlong. Holding Mrs. Nelson by the hand to keep her back, I saw them go down—rise, sink again, and rise struggling. Some struck out for the shore; others went down to rise not again, swallowed up by the waves, now lashed into billows by the rocking of the vessel. Suddenly, with a wild plunge, Mrs. Nelson escaped my grasp, and leaped down to the water. I saw the flutter of her white night-robe for a moment, then followed her. My heart was in it. I thought of the waiting husband at Memphis, and for his sake resolved to save her if it was in human power. Yet as I rose to the surface of the water, I could scarcely buffet the strength of the troubled waves, and it was a minute before I saw her. She had risen a second time, and quite near me. The force of the water drove her under, but could not keep her there with the life-preserver on, and I took courage. By a few strokes I reached the little white form, and bore her up with one hand.

A glad cry burst from her white lips, now vividly lighted up by the burning steamer. Her eager, wild eyes were fixed upon me with a look I can never forget. Both little hands grasped me like a vice.

"Don't do that!" I gasped: "Let go, and trust yourself to me. We are near the shore, and the current is not strong. You must lie still—I will swim out with you. But if you do not obey I must let you go, or both will be drowned."

With a still more frightened look, she released me, resigning herself to my care. I would have died to save her then, in her child-like beauty and helplessness. With one hand I kept hold of her, floating her along as I swam, and slowly neared the bank. It was laborious work, but the glimpses I caught of her sweet, white face, nerved me afresh, and gave new impetus to my motions. Six yards more would have landed me safely, when a long black object drifted directly across us. I could see that it was ponderous, but could not tell what it was. The end struck Mrs. Nelson's temple with a dull, heavy sound, driving her against me forcibly, but, with the quick instinct of self-preservation, I dived beneath, bearing her down with me. We rose beyond by a little more than a yard, and a few more strokes brought me to the land.

Fortunately the steep bank at that point had been worn down in ruts, and afforded me a species of steps by which I endeavored to mount to the level earth. Mrs. Nelson was a dead weight, and, wearied with the double effort of swimming and taking care of her, it was a minute before I could recover strength to proceed, and rested myself upon the end of a log lying on the edge of the water. I thought my charge had fainted, and just there a shadow concealed her face from me. But as soon as I could get breath fairly, I took her arms, and placing them round my neck, clambered up the bank. Then I was so intent upon success, I scarcely heeded the weight of the tiny figure which I held with one hand while assisting myself with the other.

A moment's hard labor brought me to a place of safety, and I laid my burthen down upon a little grass-plat. The flames rose high and fiercely now, and the water was still full of the struggling passengers. The captain had leaped from the guards, and I saw him swimming toward me, a figure held above water by one arm. But all seemed to have been rescued from the steamer. Not even one of the crew was left. All had leaped to the water and made for the shore. With a great sigh of relief, I bent down over Mrs. Nelson.

There was no sign of life. The pale face was uplifted, every feature lighted up by the glare from the fated *Imperial*. A second glance showed me an ugly black mark upon the temple, where that thing had struck her, extending back under the hair. On close examination, a deep dent in the skull struck a chill to my heart. I felt her pulse—her heart. They were still. In my very arms, so near to safety that my heart had beat with grateful thanks, she had been smitten dead in an instant!

I could not help it then. All the pent up feeling which I had resolutely locked within my own bosom burst forth now, and on my knees beside her I sobbed bitterly. I had done all I could—exhausted my strength to save this one, and in the last moment failed. Now with bowed head I heard as in a confused dream the roar of the flames—the cries of the people—the lashing and hissing of the water as the flaming objects fell into it. I only raised my head when a more fearful excitement broke forth, and a look at the burning steamer revealed to my startled gaze the pilot, Mr. Powell, standing still at his post, now powerless to help himself. He had labored to the last vainly trying to land the steamer, but deserted by all the others, found it impossible to accomplish his purpose. Now he stood with wistful eyes, looking down from his perch, while the smoke and flame curled around him.

"Jump into the river, Powell!" shouted the captain, who had just landed, pantingly. But the advice was vain. There was no path left by which he could reach the side of the boat without rushing into the fire itself, and the next moment he was hidden from sight.

At this moment the steamer trembled violently—gave a great leap forward, and scattered thousands of burning fragments into the air. The boilers had exploded, and poor Mr. Powell was in eternity!

I cannot dwell upon the horrors of that night longer. Just at day dawn, those left of us, were taken on board another steamer bound for Memphis, and I had Mrs. Nelson conveyed to my room that I might take her to her husband. An hour or two would bring us to that point, and I knew that I was able to do this much for him at least.

Others of the dead formed the complete list on that sad passage. A dozen and more lay sheeted upon the deck—the stiff outlines of their figures showing through the white folds chillingly.

When we landed at Memphis there was a rush on board from the wharf, and then—oh! what a scene! I could not bear to witness it. In my room, with that little figure laid out upon the berth where I had composed her in that last sleep, I sat down and waited until a hand fell on the door, and a pallid face shone in upon me. I knew whose it was. He was searching for her, and with one fearful groan fell upon his knees at her side as I pointed to the bed. I had heard her describe him, and his captain's uniform confirmed the impression in the moment he came, of his identity as her husband.

Gently I drew the sheet from her face, then slipped from the room through the door opening upon the guards. I heard his sobs, deep, fearful, heart-breaking—as I stood outside, and the tears ran down my cheeks like rain. It seemed then as if my heart must break.

Later, he came to thank me for what I had done; but it only added to the pain I suffered. I am afraid I felt rebellious, and ill disposed to acknowledge the blessing of the life spared to myself.

Those that followed were sad days at Memphis. Some were buried in a strange land, others embalmed and taken home. Some were so badly burned that they died soon after, while a few suffered for weeks ere they recovered. Mrs. Nelson was one that was buried there, and I thought with agony, as I saw the loving husband bending speechlessly over her grave, of the different meeting she had anticipated. Poor little wife! Poor husband!

When, a few months later, I heard that Captain Nelson had fallen before Vicksburg I was glad of it. It seemed a merciful shot which reunited them in eternity, and I knew that it was best. What happiness is there in life when the heart is utterly bereaved?

It was, doubtless, a guerilla who had succeeded in secreting himself on board the *Imperial* and destroyed her. But the truth has never been ascertained fully.

BABY IS KING.

A rose-curtained cradle, where, nestled within
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak.
Granma is a martyr in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the House,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,
To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes,
Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in her crown,
And sings little love songs of how she loved best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples the ringlets, twist collar and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed.
He demands people's watches to patter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then falling to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lips, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing,
He knows the world over that Baby is King.

☞ A correspondent of the Times, in a letter on "Vagrancy and Relief," states that he had at different times dropped coppers into the hands of a woman who appeared to be blind, and would have continued to do so, had he not one day met her in a back street with her eyes open and evidently seeing perfectly. "The next time I found her begging," he says, "I could not restrain my indignation. 'You old humbug!' I said, 'you know you are no more blind than I am!' Her answer was perfect, (with a sardonic grin.) 'Well, sir, and ain't that a blessing to be very thankful for?' I was speechless. The argument and the audacity were alike confounding."

☞ SHARP BOY.—A boy selling newspapers at the railway station at Ely, was calling "To-day's Times, gentlemen;" upon which a passenger, attempting a witticism, cried out, "What's the use of *to-day's* Times? I'll give you a shilling for *to-morrow's!*" and the boy immediately handed him the Sunday Times. The passenger refused to give him more than sixpence, but his fellow-traveller made him keep his word, and give the sharp-witted lad a shilling for a six-penny paper.

☞ Amputation of the hip joint, a severe and hazardous operation, which has never been successfully performed but once or twice in this country, and which is utterly forbidden in the army, was lately performed with signal success upon Mr. J. Y. Leeman, of New Sharon, Maine, by Dr. Gilman Kimball, of Lowell, Mass.

☞ A lawyer in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant, took him up in his arms and held him up to the jury, suffuse in tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child:—"What makes you cry?" "He's pinching me," answered the child. The court roared with laughter.

☞ "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."—In Egloshoyle parish, Cornwall, is a moonstone cross, called the Priors cross, on which is cut the figures of a hook and a crook in memory of the privilege granted by him to the poor of Bodmin, for gathering for fire-boot and house-boot such boughs and branches of such trees in his contiguous wood of Dunmere, as they could reach with a hook and a crook, without further damage to the trees; from whom arose the Cornish proverb, they will have it by hook or by crook.

☞ There is a great increase in live stock in Michigan. The increase of cows this year as compared with 1860 amounts to 20,100; the increase in sheep amounts to the enormous figure of 1,555,589, and the increase in horses amounts to 9,600.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—*the regular price of which is* FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the *regular* price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "The Rights of Minorities." "The Spell." "At Twilight." "A Legend."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

"Quick as thought" will no longer express the greatest speed. No; we must improve upon that. In this fast age thought is a laggard. Between seeing a thing and knowing that you see it, there is measurable time which can be recorded by that mysterious and subtle agent, electricity. Yes, an omnipotent, an omnipresent agent, a kind of sub-god is electricity. You think, and in less time than you were thinking, the thought is spirited off on unseen wings to the ends of the earth.

You jump up behind the iron horse and at the height of his speed, rush along the air line track half the span of the earth. Above tree tops, through mountains, over roaring torrents, across broad plains you fly. Cities glance across the line of vision and villages are like moths dancing in the sunbeams. Distances are annihilated, and telegraph posts seem a continuous line. On, on, you dash with thundering sound; but the little wires that stretch along at your right and left, bear, without noise or tumult, freight pregnant with a great hereafter—a spirit freight, the very essences of the world, phantoms of joy and sorrow. Invisible cargoes of wealth, the elements of feasting and famine, untold fortunes lost and won, pass each other in transitu.

The message that will be awaiting your arrival quietly glides by you on the way. Thoughts and ideas chase along the slender thread to be thrown off for waiting millions. All parts of the country are brought within speaking distance, and conventions sit in grave debate while the individual members are thousands of miles asunder. Yet, we have only reached the borders of the "Promised Land." We have only been permitted to look over Jordan and catch a glimpse of opening glories. The time will come (how far distant depends somewhat on the action of our Government) when the whole earth will be circled by bands of thought and sentiment. Nations will be bound together by girdles richer than belts of gems clasped with diamonds.

We are to have a great brain for the world which shall quicken thought and direct action; an arterial system through which a stronger life will flow from the industrial, educational, religious, and national centres to the remote corners of the earth; an electrical battery which will do the work of standing armies and break down "wooden walls."

I look forward to the time, in our day, when under the ocean billows and over the mountain tops a continuous history of the times will pass written by the lightning. It will not be long before the Emperor of the Celestials, the Autocrat of the Russias, the Queen of the British Isles, and the President at our Republican Court, will hold levees through a universal mouth-piece. Tables for the equation of time will become one of the necessities of the age; for should Victoria call a convention to assemble at 12 o'clock M., to accommodate himself to the British clock, the Chinaman will be compelled to take the waning day, when the sun is sinking to his bed in the West; while the Federal President will leave his pillow as the king of the heavens soars on the wings of the morning above the eastern hills. Thus sitting in state at high noon, her Majesty will send morning congratulations to the right and evening benedictions to the left.

Every ebb and flow in the commercial world will be known at the instant. The Liverpool merchant in his counting-room will look towards the West, almost expecting to see the flames which he is informed are at that moment reducing to ashes the establishment of his consignee in New York. At Boston and New Orleans, the morning news from London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and even Canton will be discussed at the breakfast table over smoking toast and coffee.

At Washington, the honorable members will actually enjoy reading the speeches before the British Parliament, while they are yet dropping from the tongues of the orators. And happy will be the belle who can appear in precisely the same patterns that graced the fair Eugenie the preceding night.

Then what a soother to the anxieties of the domestic circle will be the iron line. The mother who has daughters skipping over the earth to peep at the alligators of the Mississippi or the crocodiles of the Nile can daily dispense her maternal cautions. The dear girls, though a thousand miles from home, when going upon an excursion of an afternoon or morning must be exhorted to wear their clogs and have John follow with umbrellas, for the household voice whispers, a storm is coming.

Let a cable be [illegible] beneath the waves of the Atlantic, and we [illegible] count the hours to a time when a ring will ho[illegible] nations in proud wedlock, a slender band studded thick with brilliants set in the lightning. The great mind of man, in its ever shifting hue of thought, will circle the earth with a halo more imperishable than the diadem of kings.

A FELLOW who ought to know better has just perpetrated the following piece of uncalled-for impertinence:—"Life is short and women are many. Men have no time for a close examination of each one, and to her who crowds her best goods into a show-case is often awarded the highest prize."

Very complimentary to the gentlemen, the above. For our part we think the gentlemen generally show quite a considerable amount (for them, of course) of discernment, in their awarding of what they consider with their natural modesty, "the highest prize."

WOODWARD'S GRAPERIES. Published by Geo. P. F. W. WOODWARD, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ A sailor, the other day, while explaining the third figure of the quadrille to his messmate, thus described it. Said he: "You first heave ahead, and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

☞ AN ELASTIC MAN.—The London Athenæum exhorts the Davenport Brothers to hurry up with their rope-jugglery, as they are likely soon to be supplanted in popular favor by a famous Italian—one Petropoli, surnamed "In Elastico," who accomplishes such astounding feats of contortion, that people are puzzled to know what he is made of. Among other things, he sets a glass of wine on the sole of his foot, and, standing erect, drinks it off without the aid of his hands, and then, in retiring from the stage, in place of a salaam to the audience, slaps the back of his head with the sole of the same foot, to show that he hasn't spilled any wine on it.

☞ Sunday, January 22, was a memorable day in Utah. On that day a Christian Society was organized and services held under the shadow of the Mormon Temple, greatly to Brigham Young's wrath. General Conner, a Catholic himself, is determined that religious liberty shall exist there, and he has the power and the spunk to enforce his views.

☞ While the performance was going on in the Pittsburg Theatre the other evening, a boy in the gallery broke forth in a series of frantic yells, rolling over benches, and conducting himself in a distracted manner. As soon as he could be caught and calmed, it appeared that his terror was occasioned by a huge rat, which had taken shelter up a leg of his trowsers.

☞ On the day of the President's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir, I have been in front of you for three years."

☞ The first thing a man takes to in life is his milk—the last is his *bier*.

The Wawaset Nurseries,
Wilmington, Del.

A nursery of thriving young trees and plants is an object of special interest at the present time, as the means through which the waste places that the war has desolated shall be made to bloom again. The amount of planting that will be done this year and next, if the land-holders of the country are at all alive to their own interest, will be without a precedent. We only hope the supply may equal the demand. Fortunately for the public good, through all these years of war that have ravaged the South from end to end, the North has been quiet and peaceful, the nurseries have flourished, and now stand ready to send out through all the exhausted land the means of future plenty and luxury. Whatever delay may be imagined necessary as to the ornamental department, there should be none, at this juncture, in planting fruit trees. Let other things wait, if time and means are limited, but, as the Scotch proverb says, "He aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing when ye're sleeping."

We have just paid a visit to the Wawaset Nurseries, belonging to Mr. Tatnall, of Wilmington, Delaware, and for several years in successful operation. They are situated on the beautiful Brandywine hills, commanding a prospect of the Delaware river, and of the country for miles around.

A more delightful location could not have been chosen. At this time of year the flower-beds are very brilliant with the first flush and sweetness of the summer blooming. June is the carnival of the Roses, and at every step some distinguished member of the royal family of flowers was introduced to us; crimson, blush, and snow-white, every gradation of tint, with a back-ground of the Golden Arbor Vitæ, superb specimens of which were standing singly here and there. Mr. Tatnall has very much enriched the floral department since our last visit, and the bewildering variety of graceful forms and rainbow hues set us to dreaming—making selections for imaginary pleasure grounds, lying round about our castle in the air.

Grape growing seems to occupy a middle ground between the useful and the ornamental. Probably no fruit yields so much with so little care. Mr. Tatnall has the best varieties, and gives special attention to this important branch of horticulture. He is also eminently successful in dwarf pears. His small trees loaded with fruit promise a rich feast for the coming autumn and winter. But the long rows of young fruit trees ready for stocking orchards deserve the first attention. Peaches, apples, pears, all look as thriving and healthy as possible. We could not help noticing, in every department, the same remarkable luxuriance, as if every condition of healthful growth was skillfully and faithfully observed. This is remarked by nurserymen who visit the place as an unusual degree of success. We have now some thriving cherry and pear trees procured two years ago from the Wawaset nurseries that show us how important for the tree is a good start in life. That secured, they take care of themselves in a great measure.

We observe that Mr. Tatnall in his published card advises those intending to plant to send their orders early, as the first applicants invariably secure the best trees. Promptness, we should think, would be particularly advisable this season, as it is hardly possible that there is enough nursery stock in existence to meet the vast necessities of the country.

Anecdote of John Randolph.

Among many anecdotes of John Randolph, which I have heard from old residents of Washington, the following, perhaps, is the most characteristic:

The well-known capriciousness and querulousness of the great orator, rendered it almost impossible for him to obtain board in the capital. On one occasion, after many fruitless efforts for a settlement, he succeeded in obtaining, at an enormous price, accommodations at a private house, with the stipulation that his table should be spread in his own rooms, and he should be served by his own attendants. His host made every exertion to gratify his demands, both reasonable and unreasonable. In catering for his aristocratic appetite, the market was searched for the choicest cuts, and his board groaned beneath viands which were the peculiar pride of a skillful cook. He ordered a ham. Accordingly his obliging landlord procured a choice article, which was sent reeking in savory juices to the captious statesman's table. One look satisfying him that the ham was not the one on which he had been feasting in imagination, he ordered his servant to open a window and pitch it into the gutter.

The master of the house returning home at the instant, walked to Mr. Randolph's room, and taking him by the collar, with one foot landed him into the street, loaded with imprecations, and orders never to darken his doors again. The code of honor did not compel the orator to seek satisfaction in mortal combat with one he considered his inferior in social position. He therefore discharged volleys of curses, and sought other quarters.

From Harpers' Weekly.

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, the author of "Ora" and of many popular tales and sketches in the magazines, a lady who has had ample practical experience, and who enters upon her work with ardor and resolution, has been placed in the chief editorial charge of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, of which she has been for some time assistant editor. We anticipate for the paper a renewed success in her skillful hands.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER has undertaken the charge of the literary department of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, a well-known weekly paper, and a favorite with a large class of readers. Mrs. Spencer is known as the author of "Ora, or the Lost Wife," a novel of much merit, which has already, we hear, reached a third edition. Under her literary superintendence the *Saturday Evening Post* will make a new advance in the public favor.

From the Philada. Daily "Press."

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We understand that Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who has written a good deal during the last six months for this long-established journal, has become its chief editor. She is one of our most promising young writers, and all "the craft" will unite with us in heartily wishing her all possible success in the editorial office.

☞ EPIGRAM.—"What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt?" "Got a fresh one."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Brazilian Confidence—Credit—Curious Customs—Southern Sand Hills—Pamperos—Removing Deposites.

I think I have said somewhere something to the effect that in all the cities and larger commercial towns of Brazil, where the population is a mixed multitude, representing all European nationalities, with an inevitable sprinkling of Yankees, the native Brazilian character deteriorates by contact with antagonistic elements.

The born Brazilian always looses by contact and intercourse with foreigners, as the red savage does by associating with the white man. They lay hold of our vices, and add them to their native stock, rejecting any virtues we may happen to possess.

The difference in a social point of view between a Brazilian of a coast city and a *campaneiro* or a villager of the interior is as marked as is that between the swaggering, loud-mouthed blathering young "bloods" of our great cities, and the quiet, orderly, well-behaved young gentleman of the rural regions.

One of the most conspicuous of all the characteristics of the Brazilero of the interior is his perfect and entire confidence in the integrity of all with whom he has any pecuniary or social intercourse. Inflexibly honest himself he never dreams of doubting another, never asks of his neighbor security or a written acknowledgment of indebtedness, never duns a debtor, because of his confidence in him, and the belief that the obligation will be religiously discharged at the earliest possible opportunity.

He has some indistinct idea that there are dishonest people, and even thieves in the world. But somehow he don't think that there are any among his acquaintances or living anywhere so near him as to prove in any wise troublesome neighbors.

I was for a year or more on terms of intimacy with a manufacturer of shoes, saddles, and horse trappings, carrying on his business very extensively in a village of considerable size and importance, about fifteen leagues back in the interior from Santos. Senor Martinus employed usually a hundred hands in the various departments of his establishment, and all these men he paid off in gold or silver every Sunday morning. His office and bank was a little square *adobe* building occupying the centre of a court that was surrounded on all sides by work-shops, and his safes were two drawers in a great cedar table in his office, and in these drawers there was always lying shovels full of gold and silver coin. Not a lock on the drawers or the doors of the office, the windows almost always open, and half the time not a soul about the office—never at night—no watch, and three-quarters of all those operatives working, living, and sleeping always within a few yards of that table.

One day when I saw the great drawers nearly half filled with coin I said to the proprietor:

"Senor Jose, do you never have any fear that some of these people may rob you?"

He looked at me quite astonished.

"Why should they rob me, Don Carlos? I always pay them. They have no cause."

That was all the secret. The obligation was mutual between employer and operatives. They labored for Don Jose, and he paid them. Why should they rob him?

Thus is the integrity of Brazilian society in the interior maintained in its beauty. Every one has confidence in every one else in all social and business relations, and so there is rarely found one reckless enough to break through a rule as arbitrary in its retribution as it is Christian-like in its principles.

The amount of all business transactions of all descriptions is about equally divided between the cash and credit system. The basis of credit is totally different from that of our country or any other of which I have any knowledge. An individual applies to us for credit, and we apply ourselves to the finding out of his real or apparent responsibility before we trust him. There is not an atom of confidence in the affair, and the tendency is to create dishonesty. To begin by doubting a man's integrity is not the surest means of insuring a continuance of it.

A Brazilian of the interior never puts to the customer who comes to him for credit the questions, "Have you got property?" Can you give me security? Will you pay me in three, six, nine months, or a year?" He knows the man is going to pay for what he gets when it will suit him to do so, and as that time will also suit himself, there are no questions to be asked or answered. The applicant gets what he requires, and goes about his business. I have a thousand times seen goods sold on credit, and money loaned to parties, whom the seller or loaner never saw before in his life. No risk about it. Not an atom. Just a memorandum and the debtor's name—no matter about his residence or condition. That is unimportant. The obligation will be faithfully discharged.

It is better never to betray the confidence of these people. The results are usually exceedingly uncomfortable. I know an instance that will serve as an illustration.

In Portalegre, the capital of the province of Rio Grande, a young foreigner—I am sorry to say he was a countryman of mine—went into business, that with industry, energy, and the tact he possessed, he could not have failed to make a fortune in. But he neglected it after a year or so, got to living extravagantly, ran in debt to everybody, and then thought to swindle his creditors by running off and leaving them to whistle for their money. But the gentleman made a mistake. There was no law for the collection of debt, and they couldn't stop him that way. But there *was* a way, and they availed themselves of it.

Any one intending to leave the province was obliged to advertise his intentions three days, either in the newspapers or by written notice publicly posted at the office of the *Delegado*. Mr. Monroe complied with the requirements of the law, and the creditors put in their objections to his going. Passports for himself and wife were refused, and there he was a prisoner at large in Portalegre, and Portalegre soon became something more than purgatory to Mr. Lewis Monroe and his innocent wife. Poor girl, I pitied her.

It soon got so, that let him make his appearance in public when and where he would, and there would spring up all around him a vigorous *hiss*, incessant, and never ceasing so long as he remained in sight. Old tottering men and women, middle aged and young people, girls and boys, negro slaves, and even the priests, joined in the universal, everlasting hiss, and then the dogs caught at the echo, and because they could not hiss, they *bow-wowed* at the miserable defaulter with all their might.

The purgatory grew to an absolute hell, in which the unhappy man could neither live or get away from. Yes, there was one possible pathway opened for his escape, and that awful, always-continued hiss compelled him to accept it.

There came to Portalegre an American brig, and when she was ready to sail, Lewis Monroe shipped in her before the mast, his wife shipping at the same time as stewardess. It was galling to him, but not a thousandth part so bitter as the contemptuous, mighty hiss sped from three thousand tongues as the brig swung away from the wharf, crowded with all sorts of citizens eager to give the departing defaulter their farewell hiss.

Perhaps this Brazilian custom adopted by us in this country, and put in practice universally, might produce a salutary effect in the same direction.

While discussing customs, perhaps it may interest some few of us to take a brief view of Brazilian social indoor village life by lamplight.

Let us suppose that some one of life's vicissitudes has put you down in some interior Brazilian village, where beyond the family into which you have happened to drop, you do not know a single soul, and have not at command ten consecutive words of Portuguese. You have understood from good authority, that you may go out and go in anywhere and make acquaintances. So early in the evening you sally forth and begin reconnoitering. Passing along the street you come to a house of the better class, with the front shutters wide open, the sash in the two great windows far up a flood of brilliant light streaming out, and within a lady at a piano, two or three, or perhaps half a dozen couple on the floor, whirling in waltz, polka, or *bolero*, beyond them a banquet of choice viands and sparkling wine, and around it assembled brave senors and beautiful senoras, all hilarious and happy.

You approach the open window, cross arms on the low sill, lay yourself upon your arms, and look in upon the joyous scene. A brilliant little black-eyed, dark-browned beauty clad like a sylphide drifts down towards you, crosses her arms on the sill so close that one of them caresses your own very sisterly like, leans upon her arms just as you are doing, and that brings her head so close to yours that all those ringlets of jet shading one side of her face go against your cheek with a swing that makes it tingle, and your heart too. Then the siren turns a pair of the prettiest vermillion lips you ever dreamed of close to your ear, and whispers like to-three low notes of a lover's flute:

"*Buenos noches, senor.*"

You understand so much, of course, and respond to it in kind. Then the siren flutes again:

"*Entra praqui, senor, por favour.*"

That is not quite so clear, but you guess it signifies, "Come in, sir, if you please. Yes—that is precisely what it *does* mean. So you go to the door, clap your hands three times smartly, to announce yourself, take off your hat—*no one* in Brazil ever strides into any one's house with his hat on—and jams it on firmer as he goes in. They are all too well-bred for that. Well, you remove your hat and go in. Everybody salutes you with "*Viva, senor—bien venie!*" and you salute everybody. Then the *siren* comes to you with a flute invitation to take a turn on the floor, and you take several or more. Some one else inveigles you to the banquet, and you *click* glasses with a dozen enchantresses, drink everybody's health, especially the *siren's*, nibble *dulces* a minute or two, *click* glasses, and drink more healths; arise to go—somebody invites you to call again, to come when you please; you don't understand half of that. Siren takes your hand and goes to the door with you—flutes "*Adios, amigo mio!*" You understand all of that, and whisper just above your breath, "God bless that little *siren!*" as you pass on to repeat the entertainment."

Suppose you were to try the experiment of poking your head into some stranger's window that way in the United States. Do you think you'd find sirens' curls flitting against your cheek? The probable result would be a pop from a revolver or a *bat* with a bootjack. "So many countries, so many customs," the Spaniards say.

Suppose we take a short run out of society into the sand.

The beautiful country along the coast, to the southward of Rio, continues as far to the south as Cape St. Marta Grande, from whence it begins to put off its beauties, assuming barren desolation gradually, until it subsides finally about Rio Grande *de sul* into a bare desert of sand.

The city of Rio Grande, containing some eighteen thousand inhabitants, including the seven thousand slaves and free blacks, and probably thirty thousand dogs of every breed and race that ever yelped, is situated on the extremity of a low narrow peninsula jutting out into the estuary of the Rio Grande, some four miles wide at this point. The city is eighteen miles from the sea, built on this narrow neck of sand with conical peaks and sand-hills, all between it and the sea—sand-hills all between it and the green *campo* leagues beyond the inland, and nothing in sight but the estuary, and everywhere sand-hills so unstable and continually shifting with the strong winds of the country, so that at night you may be down with a topographical knowledge of your surroundings that makes every peak and cone of sand familiar, and in the morning, when you look abroad, there is not a feature recognizable. Every appearance, as far as you can see, has been changed as if by magic.

The *pamperos*—called thus from the circumstance of their blowing from off the *pampas*—make havoc with sand-hills, and houses too. At times these fierce gales come on from the west or southwest, at first moderate, accompanied by rain, and increase gradually in violence until they blow a perfect hurricane. They are most frequent during the winter months—that is, from May to September—but occur sometimes at all other seasons.

During my first year in Brazil I passed the month of June in Rio Grande. The city was at that time threatened by a strong revolutionary force that lay between it and Pelotas. To shut the rebel army out, some Solomon advised the building of a *board fence* across the narrow neck, a third of a mile to the westward of the town; so they built their fence twelve feet high, of common pine inch boards, nailed to slim cedar posts, and slept securely behind their defences.

The rebels didn't come down, but the *pampero* did in a day or two, in its moderate period, drifting and banking up the board fence, and covering it up, and running up a sharp ridge right across the neck, effectually fencing the rebels out and the *Rio Grandencios* in. And then as the *pampero* grew to a hurricane, it swept the sand over the ridge in clouds, and inside of three days it buried some forty houses, in the western suburbs entirely out of sight.

The buried suburb lay there entombed in sand for several years, and then it occurred to the city authorities that it would be a capital policy to remove the deposites, disinter the houses and render them again habitable. So they set about the enterprize directly—Brazilian fashion.

Mustering every available bucket and nigger, male and female, in the city, they set them scooping out the sandhill, and bearing it away on their heads. But instead of filling up and making level the large square not far from the buried houses called the *Plaza de Justica*, nearly half of which was a frog-pond, the sand-bearers marched three times the distance to the water, and dumped their buckets of sand off a wharf into the very best water there was in the harbor.

When the black swarm had plied their labors a month or so, and filled up the dock so that not another vessel could ever get near it; there came on a mighty *pampero*, and in twenty-four hours the breach made by the darkies was all filled in smooth and solid again, and the attempt to disentomb the buried suburb was never renewed.

Gadall Gleanings.

Aunty Scranton Discourses on Venetian Blinds.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Ain't you glad we've got Vernishun blinds tu our 'us, Sook! Thay give a resedunce sich a nair o' jintility. They're onkommon konvenyent tu, Vernishun blinds is. Yu kin see up an' deown an' acrost the street so kompleat, an' nobody kant see yu. Next tu sewin' sersigheties Vernishun blinds is the greatest institushun of the day fur findin' eout what folks is up tu. Speakin' of sewin' sersighties—oh—I was a tellin' heow konvenyent our blinds was. Dont you b'lieve at last nite, between dusk an' kandlelitin', I was a settin' rite near in this hear rockin' cheer, an' a peekin' eout o' the blinds jest this way with the blinds turned deown jest fur enuf so 't I cood see everyboddy 'at past in the street, when, lo! an' behold! who shood I see a comin' deown the rode together, arm in arm, as lovin' as tu mise, but that air old maid, Dorety Randall, an' old Square Wilcox, him 'at 's lately lost his wife, an' come intu Gadall tu look fur a new one. Tell ye what, Sook, thare's sumthin' in the wind, neow yu'd better b'lieve thare is.

Thare! ef thare ain't Miss Popple goin' up street agin' trew as I live. That maiks jest foreteen times 'at she's went back an' fourth by hear tu day, persisely! An' it's only nine o'clock an' forty minutes, by the watch—Malerky's watch. Ain't his watch a beauty, tho', Sook?—a double repeatin', diamont set, English leather, an' raal gold tu boot, forty carrots fine. Malerky sed so himself. What's that, Sook? No, I haint made no mistake, nyther. I guess I no what Malerky sed abeout it jest as well as ennybody else dooz. Malerky 's a rite smart feller, tho', ef he is my boy. I wonder heow much he 'll maik this trip with his give-book ajeuny. See, he's ben orf travellin' a weak neow. It's lucky 'at he had tu leve his watch tu Mr. Pinchum's tu be fixed when he put eout this last time, fer neow you kin ware it tu the schoolbrake, Sook; an' mebby 'it 'll help ye ketch a new bo. Who nose?

What? You don't keer nothin' abeout ketchin' no bos? Tell me that, an' yu a gal of sicksteen? Don't b'lieve a word on't. I've ben a gal of "sweet sicksteen" myself, as the poit sez, an' I no tu well what sich gals keer the most abeout. Yu kin ware Malerky's gold watch an' my chane an' pensil, an' yure nu set o' larver jewelry 'at yu drew in the give-book enterprys, an' yure spick, span, nu silk dress, an'——wall, I *dew* say for 'it! ef thare ain't Miss Popple a comin' deown street agin! What be yu sayin', Sook? "Ef she went up she must, o' course, come down agin?"

I spose she *must*, o' course, but then I don't see what's the need o' her goin up an' deown tu so menny mortal times. I kant see no need of it at all, I must sa.

"What? The street's free fur enny boddy tu walk in?" Spoken it is? Thare aint no need of abusin' the priverlije. But du let me see what Miss Popple's got in them bundles, an' whare she's a goin' tu with em. Le' me come quick, Sook, I kin see furder deown street from the winder—turn the blind a leetle—thare—so! La! She's got one, tu, three, four, awl o' fore big bundles, an' a little one a stickin' eout o' the top o' her redicule. She's ben eout a shoppin', Sook—that's it—I'm jest as shure of it as ef she'd a told me—*Miss Poppin' ben eout a shoppin'!* Open the blind a leetle bit—here—let me—shaw! Sook, don't I no nothin'? Thare, kant nobody see me with the blinds so near shot. I wish I new what thinge Miss Popple's ben a byin'. I *du* wish I did. She keeps everything so deepert close. I luve tu find eout things 'at she don't want me tu, jest a purpose tu plague her. Thare was sumthin' red a stickin' eout o' the biggest bundle—that was red mereener, I'll wage a leather sixpense—red mereener fur Anner Fellshear a new dress. Yis, Anner Felishear Popple's goin' tu have a brannew, fire-red mereener dress, yu may bet all yure old shuze on that, Sook. See thare, neow, didn't I tell yu so? Miss Popple's gone strate into Miss Whittlesey's dressmaker's shop. She's goin' tu git Miss Whittlesey tu cut an' fit it. Yes, an' thare goze Anner Felishear Popple hereelf intu Miss Wittlesey's, this very minnit. Don't that show? Aint I good fur gessin', Sook?

What's that? "Gessin' aint noin'?" Yes 'tis tu *sumtimes*, at least *I* goss. 'Taint everyboddy 'at's so cute as *I* be, 't be shure, fur when *I* set tu exersizin' my Yankee fackulty the trewth has tu be found eout, neow I tell ye.

But I *must* run strate over tu Miss Whittlesey's an' see ef it really is a fire-red mereener dress, or what it is 'at Anner Fellshear's got new. I du wonder heow they'll have it maid. I wonder whether she'll haver purgody sleaves or real old-fashioned flowin' sleaves, or cut sleaves, or what kind o' sleaves she will have. An' I wonder what the'll be trimmed with. Ef 't was mine I'd have velvet, black an' red checkered ef I cood git it, an' black an' red buttons down the front o' the waste. Du yu spose Anner Felishear Popple 'll have her dress maid tu button up, Sook? Buttons is very ekernomikle, an' very harnsome tu.

"Yu don't keer what she has?" Wall, neow I must as *I du*. An' I shood think yu wood tu. Sposen she shood sho orf in a harnsumer dress 'n you, Sook, at the schoolbrake? Woodn't yu feel bad, Sook? Yu woodn't? Wall, awl I've got tu sa is yure a mity queer sort of a gal, an' don't peer to talk arter none o' my sort o' folks. I wish yu was different, Sook. I shood talk so much sgin kumfort with yu. Yure allers a fetchin' me up so, an' maiken sich dry speaches. Yes, I wish yu was different, Sook, *I du*. "Have I got over my hurry to see Anner Felishear Popple's new dress?" No, indeed I haint. But I took a second thort an' come tu the konklusion in my own mind 'at 'twood be better to wate till thay got farely tu work, koz thay *mite* hussle the things eout o' site of thay wha tu see me comin', an' I woodn't miss o' seein' them new things o' Miss Popple's fur nothin' in the world. I du wonder ef 'tis a red mereener dress, an' whether Miss Popple haint got a new dress tu. I shoodn't wonder if she'd got tu or three of 'em. She's fur everlastin'ly havin sumthin' 'at noboddy else don't have. I warrent Anner Felishear's dress 'll be sumthin grand.

Anner Felishear! she's sich a wonderful gret lady. Them Popples is allers a settin' themselves up above uther folks, tryin' tu maik themselves eout tu be sum gret boddies. Why thay *du*, sum on 'em, act'ally maik bold tu sa 'at thayre better flesh an' blud 'an uther folks! Neow thare was Charity Ann Popple, Miss Popple's husband's sister—that everlastin' old made! She was forever stickin' herself up on her dignity stilts, clearn above the heds an' sholeders o' kommon people. An' neow I *du sa* 'at she *was* jest the meenest, pokinist meddler in uther folks' matters 'at ever trod skew leather.

But lor! Sook—hear I be a runnin' on tu yu abeaut the Popples when it's time I was orf over to Miss Whittlesey's. Bridgit Jane, git me my yaller rigerlet, an' fetch me my green woosted shawl an' my knittin work, quick! while I taik another peek tu see ef—lor! Sook, thare sets Miss Popple tu the winder neow a fussin' on sumthin' as nigh as I kin maik eout 'at looks like the lining. She's goin' tu—wall! ef *that aint* provokin'! Miss Popple lookt up this way, don't you think, Sook, an' kinder started back, an' sed sumthin' tu Miss Whittlesey, an' then Miss Whittlesey come to the winder an' let deoun the curting. That's tu riddickerless. It's meen o' Miss Popple tu be a suspectin' people o' peekin' an' pryin' intu what don't consarn 'em.

I've got Vernishun blinds tu look threw, an it's none o' Miss Popple's bizniss, nor Miss Whittlesey's bizness nyther, ef I use 'em. What was Vernishun blinds maid fur. I wonder ef 'twarnt tu see uther folks threw, an' not have 'em see you? They'd no bizmes to a ben a lookin' up this way.

Ef *they* hadn't a ben peekin thay wood'nt a seen *me*, an' ben a surmisin' what I was up tu.

But I don't keer a map. I'll be up an' dresst, neow I bid ye, Sook. I'll be cunnin' enuf fur 'em. Hear, Bridget Jane, tie this ringerlet fur me, 'an put on my rubbers on my feet. It's rayther damp. Why, yeou good fur nothin'! hain't you got my knittin work yit? I wunder whether you've maid the puddin' fur dinner? That kind o' puddin' needs dewin' full three hours, an' with a slow fire, mind. Don't yu forgit tu keep a slow fire. An' see 'at yu have all the wurk dun up smart an' the dinner reddy when I come back—that is, ef I don't come afore dinner time. There, neow I guess I'll be orf. This knittin' work is jest the thing tu taik with yu ennywheres. I wunder the yung gals don't love tu knit no better in these days. They're all took up with 'broidery an' croshay work, an' sich flumdummery. But they don't know how handy knittin' work is, yu see; that's the thing on't. Thay don't realyze heow it keeps the fingers bizzy an' leaves the eyes free. Du allers keep knittin' work on hand, Sook, tho' I haint no objections tu yure larnin' them other sorts o' fancy wurk, only yu must no heow tu hint. Neow, I'll ketch Miss Popple nappin', tho', won't I, Sook?

(Exit Aunty Scranton, in yellow rigolette, and faded green shawl, spectacles on nose, knitting-work in hand, muttering, "Good enuf for Miss Popple." I'll *fix* her.")

☞ LET NOTHING BE LOST.—A little child once gently reproved his nursemaid for shaking the table-cloth into the fire-place. "Oh! Charlotte," said he, "don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows? The Bible says so, and God will be displeased at your wasting those crumbs, which would have served the sparrows for breakfast."

☞ Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it—how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call "furniture wives"—as men buy furniture pictures, because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlors.

☞ THE WORD "ADMIRAL."—The office was first introduced by one of the Khalifs of Spain, Abderrahman II. (912–961.) He appointed a "commander at sea," called in Arabic *Amir-almo*, which was corrupted into Admiral, the final *mo* being elided, and a *d* inserted between the *a* and *m* for the sake of euphony.

☞ BIBLICAL APPLICATION.—The New York Evening Post gives its readers the following note, whose very pithy hint has been addressed it in seven different shapes:—"As Jeff Davis disclosed his sex by showing his heels beneath the crinoline, we think the twenty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah peculiarly applicable to his case: 'And if thou say in thy heart, Wherefore come these things upon me? For the greatness of thine iniquity, are thy skirts discovered and thy heels made bare.'"—BROOME STREET.

THERE is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath naught else that may supply its place;
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.

☞ During the guerilla robbery on the cars at North Bend, recently, one poor fellow took great care to place a watch of small value in the leg of his drawers, but forgot two thousand dollars in his side-pocket. One was saved, but the other lost.

☞ Beneath joined hands the gulf of a whole world may divide souls.

LATEST NEWS.

The Military Commission at Washington is still engaged in the trial of the assassination conspirators, and shows that the plot originated in Canada, among Jacob Thompson, Sanders, Clay, and other rebels, who waited for and received instructions from Richmond. Dr. Blackburn, the yellow fever man, first proposed to destroy the Croton aqueduct, to cut off the supply of water to New York, and subsequently to poison the water in the reservoirs.

General Lee, it is reported, has been offered a splendid residence in London by the members of the English Parliament, and a sum of money, the interest of which would support himself and family for life.

Magrath, the rebel Governor of South Carolina, was arrested at Columbia, on the 27th ult., for high treason. He is to be brought north for trial. Wade Hampton escaped.

General Grant has issued a congratulatory address to the armies, occasioned by the end of the war and the preservation of the Union.

General Hood has offered to surrender.

We have European dates to May 24 by the steamships Pennsylvania and New York. The disbanding of the Union armies is used to allay rebel reports that the United States intend assailing Mexico. The London Post does not believe the President intends to capture either Canada, Cuba or Mexico yet—or at least, not more than one. France has withdrawn its twenty-four hour rule against Union ships of war in French ports. The French government is considering the enlistments made in America for Mexico, and would send an opinion at the close of May.

☞ A CAPITAL EVASION.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion, and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. ——, "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The *ruse* took, and the question was not pressed.

☞ The engineer of St. Louis, Mo., reports the estimated expense of constructing a railroad bridge across the river at that point as being $3,332,000. He thinks such a bridge would save to St. Louis $1,800,000 per year.

☞ It is reported that the number of men to be mustered out of service is 120,000. All the troops from Northern states, except veterans, will be discharged.

☞ The Venango Spectator expresses a preference for greenbacks among the articles of country produce he is asked to take for his paper.

☞ Abroad handkerchiefs are marked with photographs of the owners, done by a process that "will wash." It is suggested that umbrellas be marked in some such way, so that the holder may see whether its owner's lineaments look anything like his.

☞ Mrs. Partington is in New York. She went up from Boston as soon as she learned by telegraph that *gold was rapidly falling in Wall Street*, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the shower, is going back a disappointed woman.

☞ HOW TO RISE.—"The girls in Connecticut," says a Yankee contemporary, "who are remarkable for their industry, drink about a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them *rise* early in the morning."

☞ M. Claude Bernard, the eminent physiologist, in an interesting essay on the heart, shows that "the sentimental part, which from time immemorial has been attributed to the heart, is not an arbitrary fiction."

☞ By a vote of the town of Presque Isle any person in that town is allowed to expend five per cent. of his highway tax in planting shade trees about public burying grounds, squares and ways.

☞ The editor of the Farmington Journal has begun to substitute apple trees for maple as shade trees on the street. The programme is to train them to the height of forty feet before they are permitted to branch out, and to graft the tops with mingled branches of Black Oxfords, Yellow Bell flowers, &c.

☞ Another infallible cure for rheumatism has just been promulgated. It is simply a teaspoonful, night and morning, of citric acid diluted to a pleasant acid. The one who publishes it paid two dollars for a small phial of the remedy in 1856, and has had no recurrence of the disease since. Those who doubt horse chestnuts had better try it.

☞ The Saco Democrat says: "A minister of this town acknowledges through the Biddeford Journal receiving a fifty dollar Treasury note from some unknown person for two prayers recently made. We should like to know who the minister is that makes prayers worth $25 apiece. We should certainly go to hear him."

☞ Some bold thief stopped a train on the Peru and Indianapolis Railroad the other night, by pulling the engineer's signal bell, and while everybody was trying to find out why the train had stopped, the safe in the express car was taken out. It contained $22,000 in money, and neither money nor thief have been heard from since.

☞ While a body of two hundred men were drilling at West Point, a few days since, a low cloud discharged itself of its electricity, seemingly through the attraction of the two hundred bright gun-barrels. Several men were stunned, and a large proportion of the guns were knocked out of their owner's hands.

☞ At the Dante Festival, on the 14th of May, in the city of Florence, not less than 1,700 mayors from all parts of Italy were to be present at the uncovering of the colossal statue of Dante, the work of the sculptor Fazzi.

☞ SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.—The Union Leagues have started movements for the erection of a monument to the late President Lincoln on the Pacific coast, at the proposed cost of a quarter of a million.

☞ A new style of pavement, costing about $2 per square foot, is about to be tried at Troy. Its distinguishing features are alternate lines of flag-stone, two feet wide and six inches thick, divided from each other by three feet of cobble stones. The wheels run on the former, the horses travel on the latter.

☞ A retired merchant of Boston, who had kept his tombstone in an alcove in his chamber for two or three years, was found prostrate on the floor of his room on Thursday morning, with the tombstone fallen upon his head, and so nearly dead that he could not be restored to consciousness.

I KNOW THAT I LOVE HER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

I know that I love her, I will not deny it,—
Really delicious love is by the way;
Isn't it best for you, Harry, to try it?
There is demure little Annabel Grey,—

I cannot declare that she's waiting for you, Hal,
She plays with her beaux as a child with a toy,
Yet I believe that the girl can be true, Hal,
Isn't she worthy the asking, my boy?

What is the cause of your very fine color?—
Wonder if speaking of her made you blush!—
Sure the sweet Annabel cannot be duller
Than—What have I said that you tell me to hush?

Now if you love her, I'm happy to know it,
If she'll be coaxed into loving you well;—
Aye, but you have the disease, for you show it;
Glad am I, too, that she's cousin to Nell!

Go as I did to my dear little girl, Hal,
True, for the present I'm only a clerk,
Yet my poor heart is in such a sad whirl, Hal,
For her I am ready and willing to work.

"Charley," her father said, ever so kindly,
"My daughter is pleasant, and pretty, and good,
You love her, I'm willing, but do not love blindly,
The care that must come, is it well understood?"

I've health and I've hope, sir, tho' never an acre,
And, with her earnest words helping me on,
If she will come to me, bless her, I'll take her,
Feeling that life has then really begun.

"That is the spirit, my boy," said her father,—
Who, by the way, has a plenty of pelf,
"I could assist you, but much would I rather
See in your strength to depend on yourself."

Aye, on *myself*, and *how gently* I'll guide her
O'er life's rough and tempestuous sea!
Never a shadow of ill shall betide her!
I love her, and oh! I am sure she loves me.

Herkimer, N. Y.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ESSEX.

PART II.

It was at Niagara that Flora first heard of Anthony's murder and of Charlie's arrest. For three weeks she had been journeying through Canada, and during that time she had received scarcely any letters, and had seen really no papers that would contain any mention of the affair. All this happened before the war, when daily news was by no means so important as now, so that although she might at Quebec or elsewhere on her trip have obtained the New York papers, it had never seemed to her as worth while. When they reached Niagara, however, her first inquiry was for letters, as it seemed to her very long since she had heard from her little girl. Several were handed to her, but the first one opened was that from her mother. Her little one was well; and after giving her this assurance, Mrs. Leroy went on to tell her daughter the gossip of the day, foremost among which was the recent news that Charlie Wentworth was committed for trial.

"You must have been very much shocked to hear of Mr. Anthony's murder," her mother wrote, "who would have thought that Charlie Wentworth would have been capable of such an act! But the evidence against him seems to be overwhelming; and I see by to-day's paper that the grand jury have found a true bill against him, and he is committed for trial at Scudport, in September."

As Flora read, the words seemed to reel and dazzle before her. All these weeks she had been thinking of Charlie. Night and day the remembrance of his tender words, his chivalrous devotion had haunted her, and long before this she had learned the secret of her own heart, and knew why it was that she had looked forward with such delight to returning to the city and seeing him once again. And now he was not there; he was no longer free to come and go as he chose, to meet her as an honorable man bearing an honorable name, but crushed down under a weight of infamy, a prisoner under this horrible accusation of murder! From the few words in her mother's letter she had no clue to when all this might have happened, and for one awful moment her brain reeled as she thought that it might perhaps be true that he had committed this crime, but then it seemed as if she could see those fearless blue eyes looking into hers, and she blushed with indignation at herself for supposing that open brow could bear the mark of Cain. If she had loved him before, she loved him ten thousand times more now, with the instinct of a true woman's heart; he was alone, sad and suffering, while she was far away. "Oh, my love," she murmured to herself, "to think that he is in prison, and I have not the right to comfort him!"

For a few moments she was almost stupified with grief; then on a sudden, she roused herself with the thought that perhaps if she knew all the circumstances of the murder she might suggest some proof of innocence that no one had yet thought of, and without loosing a moment, she hurried out of her room in search of Mr. Jackson, who was the elderly gentleman of the party. She could not find him till she had rang the bell in the parlor, and sent a waiter in search of him, then it seemed to be an age before he appeared. When he did come in he was inexpressibly shocked at Flora's changed appearance and frightful pallor.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Templeton," he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Flora had never reflected on what might be inferred from her interest in this matter, but she cared little enough just now for appearances or conventionalities.

"I have a letter from my mother," she said, in a voice which was painfully hoarse, "and in it she says that—that Mr. Wentworth has been arrested for the—the—" she could not utter the next word.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Jackson, "for the murder of Simon Anthony; a horrible affair surely, and I never would have thought Charlie Wentworth could have done such a thing"

"Then you have seen it in the papers?"

"Yes, I was looking over the files of the Herald just now, and so came across it."

"Will you please send me all the papers that tell anything about it?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Mrs. Templeton; will you have them here?"

"No, in my room please."

"You shall have them directly."

"Thank you."

And as Flora walked slowly away, Mr. Jackson shook his head. He had discovered the young widow's secret, he thought, and knew now the reason why she had been so indifferent to all the attention she had received in their summer trip.

"I wonder which of them it is," he thought. "I've heard they were both attentive to her; it can't be Anthony, he was such a prig, it must be Charlie Wentworth's handsome face that has made the impression, poor thing! poor thing! Well, perhaps after all, it will come out that he did not do it."

In a few moments Flora had the papers in her possession and was devouring them eagerly, breathlessly, with eyes that seemed to seize the meaning of the words without waiting for the slow process of scanning every one, and a mind that grasped every point that bore upon his possible innocence. From the first discovery of the fact that the murder was committed in Scudport, and on the night before she left, Flora felt a glad, triumphant thrill, for she knew then that he was guiltless, and after that she could go on to the details with a heart, heavy enough it is true at thought of all he had suffered, but full of a strong, deep hope and confidence in his final vindication.

Here was all the description of the examination before the grand jury. Flora's eyes filled with tears as she read how the prisoner came in looking very pale and seeming to suffer intensely, her brow contracted as she saw how he had declared his innocence and had not been believed, but her cheeks flushed to a deep crimson as she noted the comments of the reporter in his refusal to account for the manner in which he had passed that last evening. Here was the testimony of the servant who had heard the angry words between Charlie and his so-called victim, and the additional testimony of one of the young men who had been on the band platform that first afternoon at Scudport when Charlie had uttered that hasty threat after Anthony urged Flora to drive with him. Here too was the evidence of the medical man as to the fact that death had resulted from those wounds, and that they must have been inflicted with Wentworth's cane; then the cane was identified by one or two fellow boarders at the Beach House. And at last the landlord described the discovery of the body on his return from a visit to a friend, and how he had called a waiter and had it quietly conveyed into the hotel; this fixed the time of the murder, for it was before one o'clock.

As Flora read that her eyes flashed with a light of sudden hope, and she dropped the paper with a cry of gladness. "Then I can prove his innocence," she said, "for I was with him up to that time."

And then with a wildly beating heart she saw why it was that he had refused to account for that last evening, and realized with a throe of intense devotion that as he had sworn to her, he was about literally to prove that he would die sooner than betray any trust which she had placed in him.

What now to her were detractions or animadversions or conventionalities? she could prove that he could not have committed this foul crime, and she would save his life even if it cost her her reputation to do it. The frowns and sneers of all the world were as nothing to her, now that this terrible reality had brought her face to face with life and death, and made her feel that the safety of this man was more to her than anything else on the earth.

For some moments she was so dazzled by the revulsion of feeling in this new thought, this glorious consciousness of his noble devotion to her, that she forgot that she had not yet learned all that it was necessary for her to know, then with a sudden recollection she picked up the paper and read the closing sentences of the report.

"All the circumstances of this atrocious murder seem peculiarly painful. The prisoner is a young man of high connections, who will involve a most respectable family in his disgrace, while his victim seems to be entirely without near relatives, and his sudden death has left his affairs in considerable confusion. Advantage has been taken of this, we understand, by some designing persons to draw out large sums in bank, by checks now supposed to be forged, suspicion points to his servant, a certain Thomas Brown, who, it will be remembered, availed himself of the confusion consequent on the murder to rob his master of various valuable articles of jewelry and a considerable amount of money. A warrant has been issued for this man's arrest, and it is hoped he will ere long be secured. The trial of Charles Wentworth is fixed for the second Wednesday in September."

"What, so soon!" Flora faintly gasped as she read these last words, "the second Wednesday in September, that must be next week," for like most ladies Flora had very little idea of the exact day of the month. "What day is to-day? Tuesday." And after looking for the last passage on file she found the date—"The seventh; the month then came in on Wednesday. Great heavens! the trial is to-morrow!" She started to her feet with an actual cry of anguish as she made this discovery. "To-morrow! and I am five hundred miles away!"

For one moment she was actually stupefied with horror. "To-morrow! oh, my love! my love! if I should be too late to save you!" And then with sudden resolution Flora roused herself to the necessity of immediate action, and faced the duties of the hour with that courage and resolution which were two of her noblest qualities.

In a few moments she was in the parlor again, and had sent for Mr. Jackson once more. They had reached Niagara just at dusk, and now, as Flora stood waiting impatiently for the appearance of the kind old gentleman who was, as it were, the head of the gay party of friends, she noted that it was quite dark outside, and just before he came in the waiters began to light the gas. This time Flora was a little more composed than before. She knew the worst, and saw plainly what must be her line of conduct, and she felt a courage and hope in the very fact that action was possible.

"Ah! Mrs. Templeton, ready for tea already?" Mr. Jackson said as he came forward.

"No—that is, I had not thought of tea," replied Flora. "Mr. Jackson, I sent for you to say that I must leave here at once."

"Leave here!—what, to night?" exclaimed Mr. Jackson in blank astonishment.

"Yes, in the first train that will take me east, whenever that goes."

"There is one at nine o'clock, but dear me, you can't go at night, and alone."

"Yes, I can and must," replied Flora. "It is a matter of life and death."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Templeton!—this is very sudden," said Mr. Jackson, dropping into a chair. "I hope it is no bad news about your mother or child."

"No; they are very well indeed, Mr. Jackson. I owe it to you, for your constant kindness to me, to give you my reason. I must go to Scudport with all the speed that is possible, for I can prove that Mr. Wentworth is innocent."

"You, Mrs. Templeton!"

"Yes. If you have read the details of the examination before the grand jury, you have seen that Mr. Anthony must have been murdered before one o'clock at night. Now, Mr. Wentworth was with me until that time." And Flora could not repress a blush as she uttered the words.

"There, there! Well, I'm delighted to think he is innocent. But, Mrs. Templeton, why should you trouble yourself to make this journey? Of course there were other people who knew where he was that night."

"No, Mr. Jackson; we were alone together." And the good old gentleman averted his eyes with a look of pain, as he noted the deep crimson that dyed Flora's cheeks as she made this confession.

Flora caught the expression and hurried to an explanation.

"We were out sailing, and the wind died down. Mr. Jackson, you know me well enough to have confidence in me, I am sure. We were unavoidably detained out until that hour, and since the time that he was arrested he has refused to tell where he spent that fatal evening, for fear of compromising me. He has been willing to die a horrible death, under a false accusation, rather than to cause me a moment's embarrassment."

"He's a brave fellow!" cried Mr. Jackson, springing up, "and you're a noble woman, Mrs. Templeton."

"You know it all now, Mr. Jackson. The trial is fixed for to-morrow, and, with the utmost speed of travelling, I may come too late. Oh! what must he have thought of me, that I have never come before! To think that I have been away enjoying myself, while he has been suffering all this shame, when a word from me would have saved him!"

"But you will save him yet, Mrs. Templeton—you will save him yet," said Mr. Jackson kindly. "I see now the necessity for your immediate departure, and I will not oppose it; more than that, I will go with you as far as New York."

This kind offer Flora would have opposed. She knew that Mrs. Jackson was very much of an invalid, and exceedingly dependent on her husband, but the kind old gentleman would not hear to any other arrangement, more than that he undertook to shield Flora from all remark. The party of friends were to be informed simply that she had received bad news, which obliged her to leave at once, and her departure was to be so managed as to save her the trial of all leave-taking.

It was all arranged as she would have wished. Flora had a cup of tea in her room, and as her things had never been unpacked, she had nothing to do but wait with intolerable impatience for the time to arrive when she might feel that she was at last beginning the journey that was to take her to the rescue of this noble young man whom she so loved.

Nine o'clock came at last, and Mr. Jackson and Flora were whirled away through the darkness, for it seemed to her impatient heart that the utmost speed of the express train was but tediousness compared to the instantaneous flight she would have made to that dark jail at Scudport.

There the prisoner sat alone in his gloomy cell, counting the slow moments of the last last evening before his trial, as he had counted the dreary seconds since his arrest. Three weeks of imprisonment and suffering had changed him very much, for Charlie had suffered not only the humiliation and horror of his trial, and the anticipation of his almost inevitable doom, but also from the anguish of believing that Flora was utterly indifferent to his fate. As he had told her, he would die rather than betray her; but as day after day had passed without one line from her of gratitude or sympathy, his heart had grown heavy with a despair that made death seem after all but as a lesser evil than a life without hope. He loved Flora with all the energy of a passionate and faithful nature, he had acknowledged this himself before he parted with her, and now he was ready to give up everything for her, even life itself; but she must be a cold, cruel, heartless coquette, that she could thus desert him in his misery. Sometimes he had tried to think this, but then the remembrance of the tone of her voice as she bade him good-bye, the earnest look of her eyes as they met his, would thrill him with a conviction of her truthfulness and love—a wild hope that she, too, had responded to his love. Then he would think, as he recalled the noble beauty of her countenance, and remembered all that he knew of her lovely character, that this woman was worth dying for, and he would feel almost, with exultation, that when she realized that he had died to save her fair name from the possibility of suspicion, she would know how much he had loved her, and perhaps weep over his untimely fate.

It never occurred to him that Flora might not hear of a trial which he knew had made a great sensation among all his acquaintance, and he could not account for her silence upon any supposition but her indifference; and yet she had been very kind to him, and he could not understand how it was possible for her, with all her nobility of nature, thus to desert even a friend in the hour of sorrow. No! He would not believe her capable of anything that was not lovely and right, he would be faithful to his belief in her to the last moment of his life, and when that inevitable end came, an end which he had tried to teach himself to contemplate with unfaltering courage, his last thought should be of her. She might be indifferent to him; she might think it her duty to herself and her little daughter to permit this sacrifice for the sake of her fame, but he would love her to the very last, and die as he had promised her, to prove his devotion.

And yet that idea of death was not attractive to this handsome and healthy young man, the silence and darkness of the grave, and that, too, a dishonored grave, were unutterably horrible; and the contemplation of that awful death at the hangman's hands, would curdle his blood with a dread he could not control. He might be brave as Douglas and chivalrous as Sydney; but to prove his devotion in this way by enduring a felon's fate, required surely a greater degree of moral and physical courage than any deed related in the romances of old. And yet this young man, who a few weeks ago had seemed in nowise different to every other handsome and well-dressed society man, was capable of a heroism at which even the brave heart of a Bayard might have recoiled in terror. Life, and name and fame, which are more than life, he was about to sacrifice to save a woman's honor, and prove the depth and sincerity of a love that was perhaps after all unrequited.

It must not be supposed that in all these weeks Charlie had been wholly without the consolation of friends; but most of these who intended to comfort him, only tormented him with their incessant entreaties to him to exculpate himself. Indeed the temptation to betray Flora and save himself was perpetual. His father, who had been with him from the first, was firmly convinced of his son's innocence, and who had tried prayers, commands, threats, and entreaties to induce him to tell him how he had spent that fatal night. It was all in vain. Charlie suffered horribly by persisting in his refusal to obey his father's wishes, but under all he remained silent. He was kind, respectful, tender, in view of his father's evident suffering, but he was obdurate on that one point, his refusal to give any clue to the proving of an alibi. After one of these interviews, when he had seemed doggedly obstinate, and his father had left him in evident despair, poor Charlie would fling himself down on his hard bed, and murmur Flora's name, as if in that alone he found the courage and strength to continue the horrible struggle.

Then his lawyer, Mr. Putnam, who was an old friend of his father's, tried his best to induce him or entrap him into a confession. He employed artifice, coaxing, shrewd questioning, all in vain. Charlie guarded the secret of that night far more desperately than he would have guarded his life. Every representation of the horrors of his fate and the disgrace of his name had been made in vain. Charlie had listened with calm courage to the details of death by hanging, and with regard to the future, had adhered to the unswerving belief that some day the true murderer would be discovered, and his innocence vindicated. His friends at last were almost in despair, but one last resource might yet be tried; and while Charlie sat alone, and almost worn out with long suffering and the anticipation of all the trials of the morrow, they were approaching him with one last temptation.

He was roused from his gloomy reverie by the sound of footsteps in the hall; it was late, and he wondered who could be coming to see him at that hour. He was not long in doubt. Another moment and the door was unlocked and the jailor entered, followed by his father. Behind his father there was a little shrouded figure. Charlie started up in surprise; there was a faint cry, and his young sister was in his arms.

"Susie, Susie, my dear child, how came you here!"

Charlie glanced half reproachfully at his father as he spoke. It had been agreed between them that this, his only sister, should not be brought into this place of horror, unless, after the rendition of a fatal verdict, she came to see her brother for that last time on earth. But Mr. Wentworth, in the extremity of his despair at his son's obstinacy, had thought to try this last means of prevailing upon him to speak. Charlie's mother had long been dead; and his father knew that he loved his little orphan sister with rare fondness; he hoped much, therefore, from her entreaties.

"I know, Charlie," said Mr. Wentworth, replying to his son's look, "I half promised that Susie should not be brought to this horrible place if we could help it; but she has come to beg you, for her sake, to save yourself from the horrors of a murderer's doom, and her from the inheritence of a dishonored name."

"Oh! yes, Charlie; dear, dear Charlie, tell me all about it, won't you?" plead Susie.

"My darling sister," said Charlie, mournfully, "are you, too, going to subject me to the pain of refusing what you ask? Oh, Susie, this is my last night before the trial; think, then, how much I have suffered, and spare me the anguish of listening to useless entreaties."

"Then you won't let us save you! oh, dear Charlie, I am only a poor simple girl, and I don't know what to say; but I would beg you, on my knees, if it would do any good, to tell us where you were that night."

Charlie shook his head.

"It is no use," he said, "the story of that evening must die with me."

"Oh, my son! my son! why, why do you persist in your fatal obstinacy!" groaned Mr. Wentworth—while Susie only wept in mute despair.

Charlie started up and paced across his cell. "My God!" he moaned, "this is too much!"

"Oh, Charlie," sobbed Susie, "if you love me, if you respect our father's honorable name, if you care for our dead mother's memory, tell us this secret and let us save you!" And she dropped on her knees before him, and clasped her hands in desperate entreaty.

Charlie's own eyes filled with tears, and he raised his sister in his arms.

"Susie," he said, "oh, Susie, you ought to come here to console me—and you only torture."

"Forgive me, darling brother—but oh think what there is at stake! Can I ever look up, do you think, at my father and smile, after you are—"

"Hung," said Charlie, gloomily, "that is the word. But, Susie, do you believe me innocent?"

"Certainly I do," exclaimed Susie. "Oh, Charlie, I believe in your innocence, as I do in Heaven's."

"Then surely one day it will appear, the true murderer will be discovered, my memory will be vindicated, and our name will be freed from stain."

"But you, oh, Charlie! it will be too late to save you!"

"Perhaps so; but I shall have died the death of a brave and loyal gentleman. Yes, Susie, although the manner of my death may be most ignominious, I tell you I shall die as truly and courageously as if I fell like our grandfather fighting for the flag of our nation, and in the fore front of an honorable battle!"

A passing enthusiasm lit up Charlie's pale face, and gave to his blue eyes a lustre of immortal heroism. Susie and his father looked at him with yearning admiration. And even the dull jailor felt a strange conviction of his innocence.

"Now urge me no more," said Charlie, after a few moments' pause; "I tell you I should be base and culpable were I to betray a secret I have sworn to keep. My dear sister, let me have a little comfort in these few minutes we can be together."

Something in the melancholy earnestness of his appeal touched both father and sister, they said no more on the fatal subject, but did all they could to comfort him in the short remaining time they were permitted to be together. When the dark doors were closed upon them, Charlie flung himself on his bed and great sobs convulsed his frame. He had resisted that last temptation, but his sister's tears had shaken him more than anything yet, and the mute appeal of her last sad look had struck to his heart with a more eloquent entreaty than any words—

"Oh! Flora! Flora!" he cried. "Will she ever know what my devotion to her has cost me? And yet, and yet she is worth it all, she trusted herself to me, and if it is God's will I will die even that horrible death rather than betray her!"

Poor Charlie, his heart was very innocent and loyal, and when he had knelt in his last supplication to the God of justice that night, he slept afterwards the calm, sweet sleep of youth and an untroubled conscience.

The next day the court room at Scudport was crowded to suffocation by an eager throng desirous of being present at this most interesting trial. The presiding judge was Mr. Dalton, Flora's uncle. He felt the deepest sympathy with Charlie's unfortunate father, and for Charlie himself had always had so much friendly interest that he regarded his position, now that he was to see him tried for his life as peculiarly painful, but not the less from all these considerations was he resolved to judge the case with the strictest justice, and no more mercy than he would have shown to the most wretched outcast. So that his face was very set and stern when he took his place that morning in the judge's chair. The prosecuting attorney was a sharp, shrewd man, resolved to make the best of a very pretty case, without fear or favor for any one. As for the prisoner's two counsel, Mr. Putnam and Mr. Gray, they both looked very grave, as both fully aware of the almost utter hopelessness of their client's cause.

Poor Charlie! who can ever guess what he suffered during that long, bright September day? He was very pale when they brought him in court, but his face had a noble look of calm resignation, and in his eyes there was the steady light of a high resolve. In answer to the judge's formal question as to whether he was guilty or not guilty, his unhesitating reply of "Not guilty" was pronounced in so clear and confident a tone that it seemed to all those present who believed in his innocence, that the very accent of those words ought to carry a conviction of his truth. Mr. Wentworth sat beside his son with an expression of hopeless suffering on his worn face that was perhaps harder for Charlie to bear than anything else. Yet the whole thing must have been inexpressibly trying to his high spirit to sit there exposed to the gaze of all those rude eyes under the terrible accusation of murder, and with the evidence of his apparent criminality every moment growing stronger and more convincing.

For the case against him was overwhelming. Once more as before the grand jury, his long dislike to Anthony, his threats against him, and their last quarrel were proven, then came the account of the identification of the cane, the finding of the body, and the proofs of the wounds on the prisoner's hands when he was arrested. In opposition to all this Charlie's counsel could bring absolutely no evidence but that of character; they had several witnesses of the best standing to testify to his high and noble qualities and their own conviction of his innocence, but what could that avail against the terrible array of testimony against him.

The case was not entirely closed that day, and after many long hours of torture Charlie was remanded to prison. It had been worse even than he had thought it would be, the being brought in and out of court by the sheriff like a felon, and the horrible ignominy of his position, the weariness of the slow questions and cross-questions, all of which seemed only to prove his guilt still more plainly, and the almost intolerable pain of seeing his father's anguish. It needed all his faithful confidence in the goodness and justice of God, and the heroism of his devotion to Flora to sustain him through that long solitary evening, and enable him to meet the next day's ordeal with any fortitude.

It was evident to all when he came in court the next morning that suffering was telling fast upon him, for he looked haggard, almost despairing, and yet still not even now when the inevitable end was coming so fast would he save himself by breaking his word and betraying the trust that Flora had reposed in him.

The evidence on both sides was closed, and the prosecuting attorney made a short, brilliant but convincing speech to prove the prisoner's guilt, this was almost more than Charlie could bear, to hear himself deliberately denounced as a murderer, his motives given, his violent passion painted, his conduct misrepresented, and his name covered with eternal infamy. More than once when some expression was used that was peculiarly insulting, his father saw him clutch the side of his dock with a hand that grew white with the violence of the clutch, while his lips moved as if he must speak, then his father's heart for a moment lightened with the hope that even now he might vindicate himself, but it all died away as he dropped back in his seat with his face set in a look of rigid determination.

After this Mr. Putnam rose to say what he could in the prisoner's defence. It was little enough, but the old gentleman was doing his best, when there was a little bustle near him, and a messenger approached and handed him a note. He was annoyed at the interruption, and passed it over to Mr. Gray. The junior counsel tore it open, and read these words, hastily scrawled:

"Pray, let me speak to you at once. I can prove Mr. Wentworth's innocence.

"Flora Leroy Templeton."

Mr. Gray changed color with delight, as he started up and forced the note on the attention of his senior. Mr. Putnam glanced at the contents, and turned a beaming face to the surprised court.

"May it please your honor, an additional witness has just arrived. May I crave a moment's delay to bring him in?"

The permission was granted, and the good gentleman hurried out. He had used the masculine pronoun as safest, not knowing whether Flora could prove the fact herself, or give a clue to bring up some one else. Indeed, as he read the note, he scarcely knew who it was from, and it was only when he reached the small side room where she waited, that he realized that the lady who had written it was the pretty widow he had that summer casually met in society.

Flora was deadly pale and worn with long travelling. She had come directly from the station to the court without waiting for a moment's refreshment; and now that she had reached the end of her journey, she was so agitated that she could scarcely speak.

"Good God! Mrs. Templeton!" exclaimed Mr. Putnam, as he met her wild, questioning look.

"He is not condemned—I am not too late!" she gasped, as she sprang forward to meet him.

"No, no indeed! If you can save him, there is yet time."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Flora with inexpressible relief. "I was five hundred miles away when I heard it. I have travelled day and night. There was an accident last evening, I could not get a telegram sent, and I have been so afraid I was too late."

"No, my dear lady. But how can you help him? Do you know where he was that night?"

"Yes, Mr. Putnam. He was with me!"

"Ah! I see it all," said Mr. Putnam a little eagerly, as wishing to con the lady's confession. "What a noble fellow! He would not listen to our entreaties to him to explain how he spent that night. We have tried in vain to obtain every clue to where he was. He would have died before he would have spoken. But it is all right now, as you are willing to tell this."

"Willing!" exclaimed Flora. "Do you think I care for appearances in a case like this? We were out sailing together, and were detained."

And in a few rapid words she told the story of that night. Mr. Putnam listened eagerly, and suggested at once that the man from whom they hired the boat could corroborate her statement. Flora told where he was to be found, and a message was despatched for Capt. Jones, while Flora returned with the lawyer to the court-room.

There had been much whispering and wondering at the lawyer's strange absence. Charlie had scarcely raised his head at the interruption, for he knew only one thing could save him, and that he regarded as impossible. The delay, therefore, only annoyed him, as prolonging his torture. His father, indeed, had looked up eagerly, and Mr. Gray had given him a reassuring nod, but the time was growing long, and the judge gave signs of impatience, when way was made through the crowd for the new witness, and, to the astonishment of the wondering throng, Mrs. Templeton appeared on the stand.

Flora's face was radiantly lovely as she took her place, the color had come into her cheeks, and the light into her eyes, with the certainty that she could save her noble lover. As Charlie looked up at the bustle of her entrance, and saw before him the woman he so loved, the blood rushed to his face, and he started to his feet with a half-suppressed cry. All the sorrow that he had endured were to his heart repaid in the rapture of the triumphant smile with which she met his gaze, and the glad, grateful look that shone out in her eyes through the tears that filled them, in sympathy for him.

Judge Dalton was intensely amazed; he looked once at her through his spectacles, then he looked over them, and finally he took them entirely off, and wiped them, as if he could not believe their evidence, that his niece, whom he had thought so far away, could suddenly appear here in the witness box.

The oath was administered to Flora amid a dead silence, and then Mr. Putnam addressed her.

"Will you be kind enough, Mrs. Templeton, to tell us where you where on the evening of the twentieth of August last?"

"I was out sailing with Mr. Wentworth," replied Flora, unhesitatingly.

Judge Dalton leaned forward almost as if he were about to speak in denial of the statement. Flora glanced up at him, and continued,

"I was staying at my uncle Judge Dalton's. He and my aunt were out at a dinner party at General Conrad's, when Mr. Wentworth came for me, so that I could not tell them of my absence. We took a boat from Captain Jones', and started about eight o'clock, intending to return by ten, but the wind died entirely down when we were about five miles from home. Mr. Wentworth was obliged to row home. There was only one thole pin on board, and he could use but one oar. It was very slow work. We did not reach the shore till after twelve."

"You are sure of the exact hour?" asked Mr. Putnam.

"Yes, sir; for I was exceedingly annoyed at being out so late, and looked constantly at my watch."

"I believe that will do," said Mr. Putnam, kindly, for he saw that Flora began to look very pale again under the pain of concentrated stare of all those eager eyes.

"One moment, if you please, Mrs. Templeton," interposed the prosecuting attorney.

"Mr. Wentworth walked home with you, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose your friends at the house can corroborate your statement as to what time you reached there?"

Flora colored as she heard the question, and Charlie looked more pained than he had during all his own trial as he saw her suffering.

"No, sir," she replied, after a moment. "There was no one up in the house."

"Ah! Well, now, can you tell what time it was when he left you?"

"Not quite one o'clock."

The attorney paused a moment, and Mr. Putnam claimed the recall of the landlord of the Beach House. He had already sent for him, and when he was placed on the stand he had his question all ready.

"Mr. Clark, will you please tell us what time it was when you brought the body of Mr. Anthony into the house?"

"A quarter before one."

"How do you know?" demanded the prosecuting attorney.

"Because I looked at the clock in the office when I carried the body in there."

"Now, Mrs. Templeton, will you be kind enough to tell us where Mr. Wentworth 'was at a quarter to one?'" asked Mr. Putnam.

This time a deep crimson swept over Flora's pale cheeks, but she answered unhesitatingly, "In my room."

At this reply Judge Dalton looked down with a stern frown, and Charlie once again started to his feet.

"Ah, ha!" sneered the attorney. "And where were you?"

"Outside, sir, on the lawn," replied Flora, with cool dignity. "When I reached home I thought it not worth while to disturb any one, and Mr. Wentworth went into my room to get a chair by which to assist me to climb in at the window; while he was gone I looked at my watch, and it was just a quarter to one."

"Hum!" said the prosecutor. "And how comes it that none of these facts appeared before?"

"Because I have been away in Canada, and never heard of the trial till day before yesterday; and because Mr. Wentworth was so noble, that he would not subject me to the suspicion of an imprudence, even to save his life."

"Then the prisoner is a very particular friend of yours?" suggested the attorney, with a suspicious smile.

This was too much, Charlie started up in his place again.

"My God, Judge Dalton," he exclaimed, "is not my innocence sufficiently proved to permit me to defend this lady from such insults!"

"The prisoner at the bar must respect the court," replied Judge Dalton, in a tone he in vain endeavored to make stern, but indeed his words were almost drowned in the murmurs of indignation against the attorney and admiration for Flora and Charlie.

"I think you may go now, Mrs. Templeton," Mr. Putnam said, offering her his arm when calmness was a little restored, and Flora went away with one more bright look of triumph at Charlie's now happy face.

The crowd in the court-room could hardly be restrained, and outside they would break out with cheers of delight as she made her way through them to the carriage.

"It will be all right now, Mrs. Templeton. You have saved him," said Mr. Putnam, gleefully, as he handed her in, "he will come and tell you so himself this evening."

Flora dropped back on the seat with a long sigh of relief as she drove away to her aunt's to astonish her with the strange story, and seek the rest she so much needed.

On his return to the court-room, Mr. Putnam had it all his own way. Captain Jones being put on the stand, testified that by reference to his book he found that one of his boats had indeed been out very late on the evening of the twentieth of August; how late he could not say, as she had gone out with a gentleman and lady early in the evening, and had not returned when he went to bed. One of the waiters of the hotel had come down next morning and paid him in the gentleman's name so handsomely that he had never thought of making any inquiries; neither had he thought much about who the gentleman was till this afternoon when he was sent for as a witness.

Mr. Putnam's speech this time was very short, but exceedingly to the point; he gave a brief outline of the facts of the sail, spoke of Charlie's having left his cane at home, painted his anxiety to return on the lady's account, and described his having blistered his hands in the endeavor, and how this fact had been turned to his disadvantage. He dwelt at some length on his high character that ought to have placed him above this suspicion; spoke of his noble self sacrifice in refusing to compromise a lady even to save his life; and sat down amid enthusiastic applause.

His speech was brilliant enough, but if he had not said one word Charlie's cause would have been gained. As it was, the jury brought in a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty," without leaving the box. And as Charlie walked off a free man leaning on his proud and happy father's arm, the crowd went fairly wild in their enthusiastic cheers of the young hero.

There is little after this to add to my story. As Mr. Putnam had prophesied, Charlie went as soon as he was at liberty, to thank Flora for saving him; but when she came down into the dim parlor and he saw the glad light in her beautiful eyes, every word of gratitude he had intended to utter was forgotten, and he only stretched out his arms with the cry—

"Flora, Flora, my darling, come to me, and make happy the life you have saved."

Flora's reply is not recorded, but that interview must have been entirely satisfactory to all parties; for when an hour later they joined Judge and Mrs. Dalton, their faces were both so radiantly happy that all traces of what they had suffered seemed to have vanished entirely.

Only one thing after this remained to make Charlie's vindication complete, and that was the discovery of the real murderer. This took place very shortly afterwards when Thomas Brown was arrested; various trifling circumstances pointed suspicion to him, and that suspicion when his movements that night were investigated became certainty. The prosecuting attorney tried this case with the same zest as the previous one, and made a capital point in his speech, in the description of the noble qualities of the heroic young man who had before been most unjustly tried for this crime. This time the verdict of the jury was as unanimously against the prisoner as in Charlie's case it had been for him, and the wretched man only avoided suffering the penalty of his crime by dying in prison of injuries received in an attempt to escape.

As for Charlie and Flora, their happiness was without a cloud; and in society that winter there was no bride and bridegroom so brilliantly feted as these two who had so proved their devotion to each other.

☞ Foote, the celebrated comedian, was talking away one evening at the dinner table of a man of rank, when at the point of one of the best stories one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket."—"Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke.

☞ Quin was at a small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, of which the master of the house begged him to partake. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is the pudding?"

☞ Unsocial old Searl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

MAY WEEDS AND MAY FLOWERS.

The clouds that wait around the sun
  Are prodigal and gay;
The only snow that winter's left
  Is blooming on the May.

See how the blossom quivers now,
  Stirred by the thrush's wing!
No, 'tis the new-born butterfly—
  For lo! the flower takes wing.

The purple-veined geranium
  Among the nettles grows;
And round the bramble's thorny chains
  Blooms now the kindly rose.

The pimpernel in warning spreads
  Its red-leaved calendar;
And round the ivy's snaky stem
  The roots grow thick as fur.

The poppy shakes its fickle head
  In mockery of the corn;
The cynic thistle spreads its spikes
  With an ascetic scorn.

The bindweed, like a vagrant vine,
  Though barren, loves to stray,
And clings with profitless embrace
  To boughs that break away.

The daisies speckle white the turf;
  The cowslips in the grass
Stretch fairy cups of gold to give
  To beggars as they pass.

The birds, the heralds of the year,
  Sing each a different tune,
Yet all unite and welcome in
  That stately monarch—JUNE.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THEO LEIGH'S LOSS.

The arrangements were all perfected in that little house at Hampstead. The place was very habitable, and would have been notwithstanding very dull to dwell in, had not hope perpetually told a flattering tale to Theo. This region, that was rather bleak, truth to tell, in this autumn weather, in which she knew no one (for the beautiful metropolitan custom of fighting shy of, and greatly distrusting, all new arrivals, holds good in the suburbs;) this region, I say, would have been dull and unendurable to her, had she looked upon it as other than a waiting-place on her road to the joyous goal that was before her.

To those of my readers who hold that the "first" is the only true love, the statement that Theo Leigh loved Frank Burgoyne very fondly, very warmly, very *well*, will seem either wrong or ridiculous? Nevertheless it is a fact, that she did so love him, aye, though she had no more utterly forgotten Harold Ffrench than one human being can utterly forget another who has been near and dear, and much spoken about.

She did not utterly forget Harold Ffrench. She was neither weak-minded, nor false-hearted. She did not forget Harold Ffrench: but, remembering him only made her think the more fondly and constantly of Frank Burgoyne—of the man who was aware of her youthful weakness, and who loved her in spite of it.

Hampstead was out of the way, was inaccessible from the Frank Burgoyne starting-point clearly. At least she tried to think that it was Hampstead's inaccessibility alone which made Frank keep away so much.

They were dull days, if the truth be told—those earlier days of Theo Leigh's residence in the little house on the Heath, the fitting up of which she had superintended with much weariness of spirit. They were dull days, very dull days; but then you see she had such bright things in store.

In the meantime, before these bright things were realized, she tried hardly to get back all those outward and visible signs of youth and happiness which had been bruised and banished. Frank Burgoyne's bride should go to him with roses on her cheeks, and brightness in her eyes, and the rich dew of health on her lips. So Theo went out bravely on that broad Heath whereon she felt so friendless, and sought for those fitting adornments round about the region of Jack Straw's Castle and the Spaniards: sought for and found them, too, and rejoiced over her renovation with a girl's natural vanity.

Life went at a very sober pace in that little house on the Heath. The greatest excitement ever got up within its walls was on the rare occasions of Theo confidently expecting Frank, and making preparations towards his advent—which seldom took place. She did not make preparations after the manner of her estimable aunt, Mrs Vaughan. She did not bustle and fuss furiously, and endeavor to keep the fact of doing these things in the background. She brought all her preparations, and all the joy she had in making them, forward frankly; she revelled in displaying them, and the grace with which they were made, to Frank, their good and proper cause.

With the exception of these occasions, life was very monotonous in Theo's home. That old hearty communion that had never failed, that had always been so pleasant let all else be miserable as it might,—this was a thing of the past. The strangest thing in her strange home was the want of her father's presence, and her father's friendship. The saddest thing in it was the thought that her father could never rejoice in her achievement of that destiny, the mere promise of which had been so prized by him. She gauged the joy he would have had in her triumphs by the proud trustful love she bore him,—and I think the gauge was a true one.

For all this want, though, the girl was very happy. She was only a woman, and the prospect of being a titled one was not unpleasant to her. Besides, as I have said before, she loved Frank for that generosity of his which made him apparently utterly ignore all that had gone before. She loved him with a hearty grateful love, than which there could be nothing better or more complete.

In the earlier days of their engagement it had been settled that she should be married in August. But her father's death had intervened, and from that other delaying causes had sprung. So that now, though it was late in September, she was still Miss Leigh, and still uncertain of how long she was to remain Miss Leigh.

Nevertheless, though her marriage was thus indefinitely deferred, she looked upon it as a thing that would in the order of events come off very soon. Accordingly, being only flesh and blood of the middle class, she felt it behoved her to see about the buying and making of the purple and fine linen usual on such occasions. Moreover, being only of the middle class, as has been said before, she gave much thought to the matter. Travelled arduously eastward ho! on more, than one occasion, beguiled by an advertisement setting forth in large letters, with many notes of admiration appended thereunto, the miserable onus that was on certain firms of being cleared out, no matter how alarming the sacrifice, before a certain date.

Poor Theo! There was no one to do it for her, gentle Mrs. Leigh having subsided into nothingness. There was no one to do it for her, and it had to be done; consequently Theo did it herself. It was not pleasant for the girl who had never been about in the world before, to be abroad on her own responsibility now, bargaining with extortionate tradesmen, and seeing cabmen, who were lambs when she entered their equipages, develope into roaring lions when she got out, and mildly and tremulously questioned the justice of the eightcenpence they put on for Hampstead Hill.

It was not pleasant for her to do these things. It was not seemly that the future Lady Lesborough should have done them. But unfortunately the prospect of being Lady Lesborough did not fill her purse; and with this debased generation the proudest pretensions, and the most profound belief in good things being in store for one, go for nothing if the purse be empty. Accordingly Theo did things that were neither quite pleasant nor quite seemly—did them and suffered for them, as people do and suffer in this everyday commonplace world in which we everyday commonplace ones do dwell.

An obliging uncle had died when Theo was three years old, leaving her a small legacy—a sum of £150, into possession of which she was to come when she was either married or had attained the age of twenty-one. She was twenty-one now, and she was about to fulfill the other condition. Consequently the money was hers.

The money was hers to do as she pleased with; and when it was first given over to her in the shape of a bundle of semi-transparent notes that crackled under her hand, reminding her of the well-cooked skin of pork—when it was first given over in this wealthy-sounding way, she deemed it an all sufficient, not to say fabulous, sum. But after a day or two it dwindled.

It dwindled in a surprising, not to say a shocking way, after the manner of money. Now the manner of money was new to Theo, and that way it had, of going fast and leaving no trace behind, was quite a new feature in finance to her. It was startling at first to find how small the amount of change was out of a five-pound note, when the price of the article to be paid for was four pounds nineteen and sixpence. This was very startling at first; but she got used to it after a time, and pocketed her sixpence with gratitude.

Aunt Libby had undertaken to give her the dress of dresses—the bridal robe and veil, and Aunt Libby's ideas on the subject of these things were of the most enlarged order.

"You may go to a guinea a yard, my dear," the old lady had said to her niece, when the auspicious engagement with the heir of Maddington was first made known to her. Accordingly Theo "went to a guinea a yard," and ordered home what she deemed a sufficient quantity of a white material with forked lightning and splashes like big tears upon it, known to the initiated as "moire antique, best quality."

There was great pleasure in getting these dresses; great pleasure in marvelling how she would look in them—or rather, how Frank would think she looked in them. The solitary little figure in black grew very bright within as she toiled about from shop to shop; the girl with so little money to spend in reality, spent it with a joyish lavishness over such things as misled the sellers of the same with the notion that the stock of crisp notes was large. But it was such solitary pleasure! She went about this pleasantest task that had fallen to her share yet in the world, alone!

Alone, quite alone! It was very improper, of course; and not at all the sort of thing that those parents who have the wherewithal to mount outward guard over their daughters can credit is ever done by gentlewomen. It is very improper; but all must allow that it is one of those improprieties which are not committed by preference. On the whole, Theo would rather have rolled about in a snug brougham, and had an intelligent footman follow her out of the shops with the packages.

However, she had no brougham and no footman, so perforce she was compelled either to walk upon the earth or to take a cab in her journeyings hither and thither, or (more terrible still) to get into one of those dismal swamps—an omnibus.

One day, after a severe morning of purchasing, and feeling guilty of extravagance, and yet being sure she could not do without the things,—after many hours of disturbance of spirit, she had practised a small economy, and gone down from the select region of West-End shops to Hamptead in an omnibus. At the foot of the hill her spirit of endurance broke down, and she crept out in the lame dilapidated way in which people do creep out of an omnibus after a lengthened indulgence in its delights—crept out, resolving to walk up the hill home, and so freshen herself for that visit from Frank which she confidently expected that evening.

That hill! that terror and trial to the tired legs of man or beast. It is a hill to be thought of with the darkest hatred, if you have ever attempted to drive a lazy, self-willed, fatigued horse up it. A sanguine feeling is yours at the foot of it, perhaps. You imagine that your skillful hand will administer a flick on that precise portion of the quadruped you are driving which will ensure his pulling up well at once. You try the skillful flick, and it has just no effect whatever. He flags, and the traces slacken, and his head goes down, and so do your hopes, and pedestrians pass you, and time grows weary and you grow old, and still that hill stretches its miserable length before you. You can't hit your horse as it is in your usually kind heart to hit him, or you would be had up under Mr. Martin's act. You don't like to weep and gnash your teeth for fear of being seized and immured by some myrmidon from a lunatic asylum. One may make ghastly efforts to while away the time by making intelligent remarks to one's companion, but this is a miserable device for the concealment of anxious misery, and is warranted to fail. It does not even impose upon oneself,—the most easily deceived of all one's acquaintances. The only thing to be done is to meekly resign oneself to melancholy, or to pretend to be looking for Clarkson Stanfield's house.

Up this hill Theo Leigh walked on a clear September afternoon, with the double conviction on her mind that Frank would come and cheer her up in the evening, and that she had spent nearly all her money, and would have to severely limit herself as to gloves, in order not to have to encroach upon that magnificent sum which Government awarded her mamma as compensation for the loss of a husband. "I must have a lot to start with," Theo thought; "and I had better get them all dark, though Frank unfortunately only likes me to wear lemon-color and silver-gray. I'll write to Sydney, and ask her to get me a lot at the place she gets hers from—at wholesale price, I think she says—and I had better fix a day for her to come over and stay with me."

She quickened her pace as she said this, in order to get home, and write, and cause a letter to be posted before five o'clock. As she panted up the last bend of the hill she heard her name spoken in a voice that she knew well and remembered kindly, and looking up she saw Harold Ffrench.

She saw him such an altered man, such a gray-haired elderly man, that the blood leapt into her face with surprise. Great as was the inward alteration which had been wrought in herself during the last few months, the outward alteration in this man was still greater; and it is the outward alteration that we are apt to mark and lament.

There is no confusion in her soul nor constraint in her mind at this abrupt meeting with and recognition of him. Consequently there was no confusion or constraint in her manner.

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Ffrench," she said, forgetting Frank's recently avowed feelings on the subject. "I am very glad to see you again; but—have you been ill?"

Something seemed to jar upon his heart as she spoke. It was a cordial, kind, lady-like greeting, that which she awarded him. It should in honor have been no more than these things. Nevertheless it jarred upon him that it was no more.

"No, I have not been ill," he replied; "but I have been worried and anxious during the last few hours."

"Won't you come back and see mamma?" she asked. "We live near here."

"I know;—I have just seen Mrs. Leigh," he replied hurriedly; "the fact is, I came up from Maddington this morning; Lord Lesborough is much worse, and wants his grandson."

"Is Frank gone down?" Theo asked quickly.

"No; we telegraphed for him, and no notice was taken, so I came up; he has not been at his place for a day or two, and I fancied he might be here, therefore I took the liberty of calling at your house."

He attempted to say this in a stiff conventional tone. Theo, in her frank indifference to him, and through her equally frank display of interest for Mr. Burgoyne, seemed so very far removed from him.

She marked his tone, and fathomed the spirit that dictated it. "Ah! don't speak to me in that way," she cried, "but tell me what you will do about finding Frank; I can't say where he is."

"I have left a note at his rooms," he replied.

"And is Lord Lesborough really ill—dying?"

"I fear he is."

"Poor Frank! How he'll feel it if he should be too late to see his grandfather," she said, earnestly. "I half fancied that he was at Maddington, as I haven't seen him for several ———"

She stopped, blushing, as the remembrance flashed across her mind that Harold Ffrench might think that Frank was neglecting her, as she herself occasionally was afraid he was. The pause and the blush told him more than the completed sentence would have done, and he felt that the one who had deprived him of this jewel was not wearing it proudly by any means. It was hard for him to walk calmly along by her side and feel this; so he stopped and said good-bye to her, and she went on quickly to her own home, with footsteps rendered fleet by the thought that she had "so much to tell Frank"—"so much" that she now felt would not be quite pleasant to him to hear, and that would oppress her with a sense of concealment, till he had heard. "He's sure to say Mr. Ffrench interferes unnecessarily," she thought, "and to rage against poor Miss Burgoyne for having despatched such an envoy in search of him; anyway, I could not help meeting him on the hill."

As soon as the door of the little house was opened to her she asked,

"Is Mr. Burgoyne here?"

"No, Miss; and your ma's———"

"Are any of my things come home?" Leo interrupted.

The servant shook her head, and resumed the broken thread of her discourse.

"And your ma's up in her room, taking on about something, Miss."

"Poor mamma!" Leo thought, as she plodded wearily upstairs. All the fleetness was fled from her footsteps now that she learnt that neither of the expected arrivals were here before her.

Mrs. Leigh was sitting in an easy chair in a corner of the room, over which a shade hung, when her daughter entered.

"I'm home again, mamma, you see," Theo commenced, in bright accents. She never used the tone dolorous when people were in grief. It never improved their case one whit she had discovered; indeed, it usually had the contrary effect of plunging them into still deeper gloom.

Mrs. Leigh looked up with a start, and Theo's quick eyes read wistfulness in her mother's gaze,—such wistfulness as she had never seen in it before.

"My dear, are you very tired?"

"No, mother," Theo said, in more subdued tones than those she had first used. Then she went and knelt down by her mother's feet, and Mrs. Leigh drew the head crowned with its wavy masses of brown hair down upon her lap.

Tired! No, she was not tired; but as she felt her mother's hand press closer, tremblingly, amidst those waves of hair, a feeling oppressed her that was not fatigue—a feeling of desperate helplessness, a very faintness of despair. She strove to break the spell of sorrow that was creeping over her.

"Mother, poor mother, you have been alone again, and are feeling dull," she said, fondly pressing her lips upon the hand she had caught and prisoned as it wandered over her head.

"No, my dear, not dull, but—"

"Ah! you've heard the bad news from Maddington," Theo cried, with a sudden recollection of Lord Lesborough's extreme case. "I

met Mr. Firench, and he told me. He wanted Frank. I hope Frank will come to-night," she continued, hopefully.

Then the dull lethargy of sorrow that had been Mrs. Leigh's portion since her husband's death dissolved suddenly, and she threw her arms closely, tenderly, pitingly, round her daughter's neck, as she sobbed out,

"Poor child! my own poor child! He will never come again!"

"Mother! Mother!"

The girl was on her feet in an instant. She had started erect with fatal suddenness, as if shot through the heart.

"He is alive!" Mrs. Leigh cried eagerly. She read aright the generous anguish that was Theo Leigh's first pang. He daughter's first thought was of death, not desertion. As I said once before, Theo Leigh never believed people to be baser than they were.

"Then he has left me too," Theo wailed. "Mother, *dearest*, don't look at me in that way. I shall not die, though I have so little to live for."

CHAPTER XLV.

LATE REMORSE.

When Frank Burgoyne had done the deed,—had spoken the few words which made manifest that which was within his vascillating heart to Sydney,—he felt cast down and sorry. There was none of successful love's elation in his soul or on his brow. He knew that he had done a mean thing. He also knew that the girl for whom he had done it would no more have the power to make him feel all things to be well lost in winning her, than any other woman had had the power to hold him heretofore.

He also felt—and in feeling this there was much natural soreness—that this change he had made, which could not be concealed an hour longer than necessary in honor, would not only damage him with his grandfather, but sorely distress the latter. He would now for a certainty deem his grandson capable of all the Hugo iniquities; and Frank acknowledged to himself that he would be deemed so not altogether unjustly.

It was made patent to him at once that the fetters he had himself adopted in such awkward unseemly haste would be riveted fast and sure. It was made patent to him at once that Sydney was a young lady of immense determination. It was made patent to him at once that he had been egregiously mistaken in imagining it to be feasible to play with fire without burning his fingers.

That first interview of his with the parent Scotts was an awful ordeal, a memorable misery. He would have given much to evade it, but his days of evading aught that Sydney desired should be faced, were over. As soon as those sensations set in to which allusion was made at the commencement of this chapter—as soon, that is, as the small excitement consequent on a verbal declaration of a change of faith, had faded away, and he began to feel cast down and sorry, he proposed "going away."

He proposed this in a half-guilty way—in a way that plainly showed that he felt his proposition would be opposed, and Sydney opposed it promptly.

"Go away! Why?" she asked. "No, Frank, do stay and see papa now; you ought to stay and see papa."

"I will write him a line to-night," he said, hesitatingly.

"That won't do at all," she replied, resolutely; "they're very particular, and they're very foud of me. Your going away won't look well to them."

"But Sydney—" he began, taking her hand caressingly.

"*But* Frank," she interrupted quickly, "if after all, you can't face it, how can you think of leaving me to face it alone?"

"There is nothing for you to face."

"Oh, isn't there? Oh, isn't there, indeed? 'Nothing for me to face?' If you think so lightly of me as that, I wonder you could ask me to marry you. I *have* feeling; I feel very much, though I always keep up before people."

She became transparent under the eyes as she spoke, after the manner of blondes who restrain their briny tears, and she was very fair.

"My dear Sydney, it's no question of—"

"It's just a question of straightforwardness of speaking, it seems to me," she interrupted. "Papa would think me a sneak if I kept anything from him, and I can tell you *I* am not going to be the one to speak of our engagement first, so you *must* stay."

"Our engagement!" The phrase caused him to feel how thoroughly he was "in for it" here, before he was "out of it" in another quarter.

It is hard to say which of these twain, who were to become one flesh, according to Miss Sydney's ordination, would have triumphed, had not Mr. and Mrs. Scott providentially returned at this juncture. They had timed their absence well.

As she entered the room Mrs. Scott became conscious of having that special sanguine hue over her face which bespeaks intense excitement, and it did not seem according to the fitness of things in her estimation that other than the cool and collected side of the family should be shown to Mr. Burgoyne just yet. She therefore endeavored to explain her red cheeks away—much to Sydney's horror.

"This autumn 'eat is that trying when one is weak and given to flushing, that you'd scarcely believe, Mr. Burgoyne," she said, in a voice that was far lower pitched than her natural one, in order to express that delicacy and fatigue for which the occasion called.

Frank looked at her by way of reply—looked at her distastefully, and thought, "It's very seldom *she* shall see the inside of my house, if I have to marry her daughter."

"Then, mamma, go and cool yourself, do," Sydney struck in promptly, "and Frank will—won't you, Frank?"

She did not say what Frank would do. But he knew what she meant, and he said, "Yes," with external composure and an internal groan. He knew well that the aforesaid precipitate declaration of a change of faith would have to be repeated in due form to Mr. Scott, and he began to wish that he had not made it at all.

It was an ugly leap truly; but Sydney, the weaker vessel, had gone at a similar one so valiantly that he could not baulk it for very shame. It was not that he feared that there would be any difficulties thrown in his way on the Scott side; on the contrary, he knew that it would all be rendered offensively easy to him, as far as they were concerned; but the shadow of that letter which would have to be written to Theo's mother was looming over him already.

He was correct in his deductions as regarded one thing. It was all made easy for him as far as the Scott's were concerned; they were all that was tolerant to what was past, and most flatteringly anxious to smooth all obstructions in the future. Mr. Scott clapped him heartily on the back, and put on the last new uniform to sit down to dinner with Frank, the caged; for a promise to stay to dinner was wrung from him on the spot, as soon as ever he had spoken out what Mrs. Scott called "his most honorable intentions."

Sydney was the reverse of ill-natured; nevertheless she gave no very serious thought to what Theo would feel about it at all. One allusion she did make to her former friend, her worsted rival, and, odd as it may appear, it was not a disparaging one.

"It will be only fair to let Theo know of this at once, Frank; you must promise me to do that."

She paused; but as he made no answer, she resumed quickly, "If you won't promise me, I tell you I'll make my mother write to here at once; it would be too mean to keep her in the dark."

I do not think that he liked his first evening in the bosom of the family of his affianced. They tried to absorb him too entirely into themselves; to be hail-fellow-well-met with him; to be free and unembarrassed, and awfully intimate in a jocular way. Mrs. Scott leapt abruptly from the manner abject to the manner affectionate; and Mr. Scott mentioned so many things "by-the-way" to him, that he could do when he took his seat in either House, that the last state of that man was infinitely worse than the first. Moreover, Sydney's habit of putting down both her parents alternately was confusing; this was a thing to grow, he felt; he might, in time, fall under that commanding young manner, which impressed the stranger as being so very fresh and frank. He had his gentlemanly, well-bred instincts; blood always "tells" in some way or other; so, though he reminded himself that Sydney "ought not to forget what he had given up for her" (meaning the way he had risked his honors in respect to Theo Leigh,) he never thought for an instant that Sydney ought to remember the great good a union with him would bring her.

He left at last, and walked up to town, revolving at his leisure the phrasing of that letter which should convey the sorry truth to Leo. "What will she think of me?" he thought. He had no fear of any outburst, any appeal. He knew the girl; he knew all her loving pride too well to dread that. But he could but reflect on what his sensations would be did she droop and fade and *die* of this blow he was preparing to deal her.

It was but cowardly comfort, yet he hugged it to his soul as he walked along, this gallant young English gentleman, with the full supply of courageous cavalier blood in his veins: it was but cowardly comfort, yet it was the sole one left to him,—the thought that, let what would befall her, he would probably never know the fate of Theo Leigh.

He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. But of idleness and a habit of giving way to the impulse of the moment, the mischief had been born. This trick he had taken up of loving and unloving, of wooing and leaving! He seized to look upon it as a pretty pastime as he walked along alone; he saw it now as the low, dull, dastardly thing it was.

Ah! that seeing a thing as it is, and knowing that we have brought it on ourselves, and that there is no escape for us. "Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to have taken comfort in defeat and downfall from that sorry saying, "You have no one but yourself to blame for it?" There is bliss in blaming the whole world for the evil that overtakes us, but not in denouncing our own blunders and miscalculations. In this there is none, absolutely none—save in the case of a woman who loves the man who neglects her, and so excuses her by accusing himself.

Frank Burgoyne determined to write that letter to Theo's mother while the glow of the onus that was on him to write it at all was on him freshly. He thought first that he would make it very concise; but that seemed brutal. Then he thought that he would give a lengthy explanation; a summary of his own weaknesses, and of the trials to which they had been subjected. That, on reflection, seemed needlessly insulting. "By Jupiter! I don't know what to say for myself!" he said, at last, in the exasperation of his spirit. "I am a fool, a great fool! who has lost in the selfish game."

But, genuine as this statement was, powerful as it was in its simple truth, it would not do to write that, and that alone, to Theo's mother. It might be taken to have application to ever so many other things he felt, in this hour of his humiliation, and it behoved him to make his statement clear—all foul and base as it was—without needless delay.

There are many disagreeable duties to be performed in this world. Calligraphical exercises very frequently go against the grain. It is unpleasant to be compelled to write a check when your banking account is low. It is odious to write a page and a half of condolence to the bereaved with whom, in sober fact, you can't quite sympathize, having perhaps known but little, and that little but bad, of the deceased. It is not nice to be behindhand with the last chapters of a novel announced as already in the press. But more repugnant to the spirit and taste than any one of these things, is the knowledge that you yourself must write such a letter as will bruise another and blast yourself.

Such a letter Frank Burgoyne was in honor bound (such honor as was left to him) to write now. He had had previously no very overweening respect and esteem for Mrs. Leigh. He had merely regarded her as a nice, ladylike, excellent woman; but now the full force of her motherhood came upon him, and he flinched in his soul as he pictured her reading the letter which must be written.

"By Heaven! I'd rather cut my hand off than do it," he muttered, as he pulled a writing-table towards him after an hour's solitary reflection in the sitting-room he occupied at the hotel. Cutting his hand off, however, would have been a futile proceeding, void of all power to further those arrangements which he dared not suffer to stand still. Therefore he took up a pen instead, and wrote that letter, the contents of which came down upon Theo as a thunderbolt when she returned from her weary day's shopping.

It was a very lame performance. Looking back upon it in after years, when the bloom of time was upon it, he was fain to confess that it was a very lame performance indeed, yet he said all that there was to say—all that he dared to say.

When he rose from the writing, when he had directed and sealed his letter, he felt that, come what would of passion, of soberer love, of joy in that love, and security in it, there would be a dimming shade cast over all by memory. He would never be quite to himself even what he had been before. The vagueness that would be over Theo Leigh's fate, to him would be a depressing thing, or should that vagueness be dispersed, there might arise a more agonizing certainty.

"Girls don't die of broken hearts in these days, thank the Lord!" he said to himself after a time. But the very fact of his thanking the Lord that the probability was averted, proved that he feared the possibility of its arising. He was very miserable and very cast-down, and later in the night he would but think of how all this would tell upon his prospects at Maddington. The title would be his for a surety, but—there was a lot of unentailed property.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Detection of Burglars.

An English writer suggests a contrivance for the better security of property, and by which a burglar might be detected, from which a clever man might develope something better. He proposes a common gas lamp, provided with a red shade, similar to those used on the railroads, should be suspended in the street in front of the bank or shop where valuable articles are kept: the red shade should be held up above the lamp by a maguet, worked by a small electric battery, situated at any convenient place on the premises; the wire from the battery to the maguet should pass through the safe-doors and drawers containing valuable articles; and as long as the connection is complete between the battery and the magnet, the red shade would be held up in its place above the lamp, showing a white light; but as soon as the connection was broken by opening any of the doors or cases, the magnet would immediately lose its power, and allow the shade to fall in front of the lamp, thus showing a red light, and giving notice to any one in the street that something was wrong inside; and when once the shade had fallen, it could not be replaced by the burglar. These magnets are very simple, being made of a piece of soft iron, bent in the form of a horse-shoe, with a coil of copper wire round the ends; and the cost of working the battery would be a trifle.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic Monthly for June contains articles from Gail Hamilton, Ik Marvel, Elizabeth Akers, George Bancroft, Rose Terry, John Weiss, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Annie M. Brewster, and several others. It has quite a pastoral tincture this month, as witness Gail Hamilton's article on chickens, and Rose Terry's on cows. The former writes in the same lively, trenchant manner on chickens, as she does on men and women. In the course of her "Prose Heuriade," she says: "It is said in the country, that if you write a polite letter to rats, asking them to go away, they will go. I received my information from one who had tried the experiment, or known it to be tried with great success. Standing ready always to write a letter on the smallest provocation, you may be sure I did not neglect so good an opportunity. The letter acknowledged their skill and sagacity, applauded their valor and their perseverance, but stated that, in the present scarcity of labor, the resident family were not able to provide more supplies than were necessary for their own immediate use and for that of our brave soldiers, and they must therefore beg the Messrs. Rats to leave their country for their country's good. It was laid on the potato chest, and I have never seen a rat since!"

MURAL TABLET TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The Cincinnati Gazette says the custom of erecting tablets in the walls of churches and public edifices, though fallen into disuse, is worthy of favor, and there are indications that it will be revived. One of these indications is the fact that such a tablet has just been erected to the memory of our late departed President, in the church at College Hill. It is the result of an enterprise conceived and carried out by four young lads—Masters Eddy Brooks, Willie Miller, Bryan Tuckerman, and Joshua Pierson. It is of white and black marble, and bears the following inscription:—

"Abraham Lincoln,
Our Martyred President,
April 15, 1865.
The Children's Memorial."

PULPIT PROPRIETY.—It would be prudent for the "watchers on the walls of Zion" to guard young aspirants for pulpit fame against bringing ridicule upon the sacred cause by efforts at singularity.

A clerical student who had won the title of "the exhorter," from the power with which he urged salvation upon sinners, was particularly fond of using striking expressions. During a revival he hit upon the following petition:—"O, Lord, grant to send down Thy ink-horn and mark every sinner in this assembly."

R. E. LEE, late General, will soon leave Richmond and repair to his farm, situated near the White House, on the Pamunkey river, to spend the remainder of his days in agriculture—if unmolested by the Government. His son, Custis Lee, is already on the farm alluded to, and is doing his ploughing in person.

☞ An English marriage-party lately had a time of it in London. They went to the church, found it closed, and after getting the keys had to force the vestry door, when they had neither surplice, books, or register. A sheet was borrowed in which the minister was pinned, and while waiting for a messenger to return with the register, the party amused themselves by ringing the three bells on the church, all of which so disgusted the regular vicar, who did not marry them, that he assigned a solemn service for Friday, March 24th, "to avert the wrath of Almighty God, and to deprecate his righteous judgments, in consequence of the profanation of his sanctuary on Monday last. Divine service will commence at 1 30 P. M. Ezekiel, v. 11.—Alfred Pownall, vicar."

☞ THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—It has been supposed that the position of mistress of the White House would be assumed by Mrs. Stover, the daughter of President Johnson, in consequence of the ill health of Mrs. Johnson. A Knoxville correspondent says that she recently left that place for Greenville, where she will probably remain during the summer, as the loss of her husband, who was killed in the battle of Nashville, last fall, unfits her for the stir and excitement of life at the White House.

☞ Why are books the best friends? Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offence.

Cow Criticisms.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET THE SKETCHER.

Several years since, when I lived up in the Georgia cattle country, my next neighbor on one side was Mrs. Conness, whose business specialty was stock raising. The widow owned eight hundred acres of land in two plantations, joining, kept always a great many head of horned cattle—not a third so many as the two places might have supported with judicious management—sold a great many every year, and was making money faster than any cotton planter in the state.

But the widow had never been quite so fortunate as she ought to have been considering the price she paid in the selections of her managers. Fifteen hundred dollars a year, with the usual Southern privileges, ought to have procured a great deal better overseer than ever fell to Mrs. Conness's lot. She knew that herself, and I had often heard her declare that she would not begrudge, and would freely give two thousand dollars per annum for the services of such a man as she needed. She did not seem likely to find him, however, as year after year went by, and every year an overseer went and came at "Castlewood."

One morning, in February, I think it was—pretty cool for south Georgia, I happened to be in Mrs. Conness's home barn-yard, close by the mansion, where she had at the time a dozen perhaps of her pet cows—all remarkably fine animals for natives—the widow believed nothing in imported or "grade" stock.

Mrs. Conness was in the yard, and while we were discussing the merits of some of her pets, there came in a Northerner from Vermont—a young man on the boy side of thirty—named Birney, a wheelwright, agricultural implement maker, and a clever mechanic at a good many more trades—a regular universal Yankee, who had taken a long stretch from the Green Mountains to far down South, settled down and set up among us with his wife and two children, arguing that he guessed he could dew better daown with us plantationers, who always had a power of tools and things to make and mend up than he could "tew hum."

And therein Josiah Birney was right. We had long needed just such a Yankee in our locality, and we patronized and paid him to his entire satisfaction. The whole region for a circuit of twenty miles knew that 'Siah Birney was a capital mechanic and always reliable, and that was about all we *did* know about him, for 'Siah was always too much hurried with work to runa bout much, and we always sent the "boys" to carry and bring home our work—so we didn't see him very often.

Josiah Birney had come over that morning to purchase a cow. He told the widow that, and was informed that she had about forty to sell, and after that the bargaining went on about as follows:—

"What is your price for the best cows you have, madam?"

"Well, Mr. Birney—I declar I don't know. 'Spose I shall have to ask thirty dollars for the real best cows I've got."

"Well, Mrs. Conness, as I only keep one, I want the best I can get."

The widow pointed to a magnificent animal. A fine, large, bright red cow, with beautiful horns, a white star in her forehead, two white feet, an immense bag, coming six years old that spring, within a week of calving, and bearing every popular mark of a famous milker.

"Thar, Mr. Birney, thar's a raal beauty. That cow 'll just suit you."

"No, I beg your pardon, madam. That cow will not suit me at all, Mrs. Conness. I am a poor man, and my cow must be able to *see* her way, and help to pick her own living part of the time."

"Why, honey! Who in the world ever told you that ar cow's *blind!*"

"No one, madam. Never knew you had such a cow till I came in the yard here a few minutes ago."

"Well, I declar! Why no one else ever seed that afore so quick. Did you know the cow war blind, Mr. Vernet?"

"No, ma'am, I confess I did not, and I have seen her fifty times I think."

"Well, somebody has to be the first to see everything," remarked Birney, carelessly.

Mrs. Conness pointed out next a medium-sized, handsome brindle, having all the qualifications I should have said of a first-class cow.

"Well thar, neighbor, thar's a cow for you. She arn't blind. Take that brindle."

"Not this time, Mrs. Conness. New Jerusalem! That brindle cuss would kick me clean out of Georgia in three days."

"Look here, honey—is you an angel?"

"Not quite, ma'am; if I was, I shouldn't need to be hunting round after a cow!"

"Well, stranger, that ar brindle does kick like all the world; but I can't yet understand it, honey, how you got to know it the first time you ever seed the critter."

"That's the proper time to see the faults of either cows or 'cattee,' ma'am; before we get 'em stuck on to us, so that we can't get 'em off again."

"Well I say. What funny folks you Northern people is. Now thar's a cow you can't complain of, Mr. Birney." The widow showed 'Siah, a famous great black "muley," with white face and line along her back, and a prodigious bag. "Thar, honey. Thar's a cretur that arn't blind, nor wont kick."

"No, ma'am, nor eat either—unless you feed her on mush or short-cake. I never heard tell of putting a set of teeth in a cow; don't believe it can be done."

"Why, bless de good Lord, honey! I believe you is a witch. That ar cow haint got no teeth, that's sartin. But I doen't see how you can find that out on no time 'most."

The next offer was decidedly the handsomest cow in the yard. A finey-built, red and white animal, just in her prime. I would have taken her at five dollars advance, in preference to any other cow in the yard. The Yankee mechanic laughed, shook his head, and objected:

"O no, thank ye, ma'am. I can't afford to keep a cow that goes dry four months before calving time."

"For the Lord! Mr. Birney, I most believes you is the raal old devil hisself."

"O no, Mrs. Conness. The devil can't keep cows on his plantation. Too hot there. 'Twould dry up the best cow in Georgia in fifteen minutes. Now, Mrs. Conness, I want a cow—a good one; and if you'll let me have my choice out of that lot, I'll give you forty dollars for her."

"Why, bless the good Lord, honey! thar ain't no critter down thar of no account no how."

"Well, I'll take the risk. Here's the forty dollars."

"Well, I declar—that beats all. I never seed anything like that ar. But, honey, if ever you aint satisfied, bring the cretur back and take another choice, or I'll give you your money again. I want to be fair."

So we adjourned to the field, and from a lot of fifty animals, from inferior looking to fair, 'Siah selected a little red crumpled-horned, three-year-old, that, as I live, I wouldn't have given fifteen dollars for. Mrs. Conness and I advised and remonstrated, but the Yankee was stubborn, and drove off his purchase in spite of us.

In ten days from that morning, seventy-five dollars wouldn't have purchased that heifer of Josiah Birney; and in one month from that day the Yankee wheelwright was stock-adviser-general to the Widow Conness, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the privilege of devoting three-quarters of his time to his trade. That man knew *Cow*, if ever a man did.

One day, about three months after, that barn-yard *fiasco*, I said to the stock-general:

"Birney, how did you know that cow was blind?"

"She punched her nose against the sticks of the rack more than half the time, instead of steering straight in between 'em, as a cow that could see would do."

"How about the kicker?"

"Oh! that was plain. First I saw the skin knocked off her hind feet pretty badly; and then she rolled her eyes, and shivered in her hind-quarters, whenever one of the other cows happened to come near her. A kicking animal always does that."

"Well—about the toothless one?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Just like an old granny—mumbled a lock of nice clover round in her mouth as many as three minutes, and then let it fall out. She couldn't eat it, sir—I could see that."

"Yes—but how could you see that the spotted cow went dry so long before calving?"

"Why, by the lacteal ducts—what dairymen call the milk-veins, Mr. Vernet. Instead of being well in under the belly, and undivided, they lay far out on the side, and branched all out, towards the udder. A bad sign, sir, always."

I learned by after experience that Josiah Birney's cow criticisms were just.

☞ A STRIKE IN THE POWER OF COMMUNICATION. At the time of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, Mexico was inhabited by a semi-civilized people, with large and populous cities, with an organized monarchical government and settled civil policy, with rights of real and personal property fully defined, with a division of labor among masons, weavers, goldsmiths, painters, and other artisans, and, finally, with the art of picture writing. In Peru was a similar monarchy, in which the vast stores of grain and the excellence of the roads excited the wonder of the Spanish conquerors. And yet these two great communities, though living in such close neighborhood, were *wholly ignorant of each other's existence!* Now the work is being pushed rapidly forward of constructing a telegraph cable around the world, when the three continents of Europe, Asia and America will be in instantaneous communication with each other.

☞ The highest price ever paid for a printed volume, was for Boccaccio's Decameron, at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, in London, in 1812. This celebrated volume was printed by Christopher Valdarter, in 1471. The principal competitors at the sale were the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer. The former carried off the prize. He bid £2,260—more than ten thousand dollars in gold!

☞ George Augustus Sala, in a letter from Paris, says:—"The latest French bonnet is like Hudibras' story of the bear and the fiddle—begun and broke off in the middle. It is a magnificent but incomplete work, like Buckle's History of Civilization, or like Don Juan. For ornaments the run is upon steel. The quantity of minute marine stores worn by the fair ladies of France is astounding. After steel comes straw. The ladies appear to have unplaited their old straw bonnets and stuck them all over their dresses. A mantle or jacket tesselated with real straw in fantastic devices is much patronized, and imitation straw for fringe is becoming universal. Finally, crinoline seems to be really going out, and the *robes a queue*, or long trains are coming in. The latest and artfulest plan is to have a petticoat of the same shape as the robe, brief in front and elongated behind; and the dress is looped up in front to show the boots, and it is to be presumed, to prevent the fair wearer tripping herself up every second pace or so."

☞ The Empress Eugenie made up her royal mind that her young cousin, the Princess Clotilde, must not wear so much pink. She therefore sent, as a present, three of the most exquisite hats ever conceived in Parisian brain, devoid of the obnoxious color, which the independent Princess forthwith returned, without thanks or comment, and at the very next good opportunity appeared attired from bonnet to dress in colour de rose.

☞ A small locomotive, water-tank and all, weighing but 200 pounds, was lately tried near London. It was managed by a boy eight years old, who had it under perfect control, and stopped it in its length on request. The power was half a horse. The cost for fuel was under one half penny per hour.

☞ It has been discovered that Shakespeare received but £5 for "Hamlet." The best five-act plays in his time brought a little over £6 to their authors. Boucicault made over £50,000 from his "Colleen Bawn."

☞ A REBEL COLONEL ON THE REBEL "BLACK HOLE."—Col. Hatch, one of the rebel commissioners of exchange of prisoners, is now in Libby Prison. Just after his imprisonment he sent for General Mulford, our commissioner of exchange, and asked:

"Do you think it is proper treatment for me?"

"What is the matter?" inquired Mulford.

"Don't you see," replied Hatch, with profane emphasis, "that there is not a pane of glass in these windows?"

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mulford. "Why Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two years there was not a pane of glass in those windows."

☞ By a recent decision of the New York Superior Court, a wife who lives apart voluntarily from her husband cannot force him to maintain her. She must go to him and demand a home. If he does not give it she can obtain alimony, but not otherwise.

Incentives to Labor.

Lamartine says in speaking of the eminent French potter, that he is "the type incarnate, to exalt and ennoble every business, however trivial, so that it has labor for its means, progress and beauty for its motive, and the glory of God for its end." Virtue and industry in any path that opens, is not only sufficient to ennoble, but will lead to success; it is not what a man does, but how he does it. He may sway empires, lead armies, govern states ignobly, or he may trundle the wheelbarrow, carry mortar, sweep the streets, with honor. The true hero of life is he who conquers difficulties that conquer other men, who makes himself heard above the clamor of the crowd, who acts, and who acts well, in any capacity in which he may be placed. True, the career of such a man is a conflict and a toil; he must press his way, and often against wind and tide. His heroism consists in his praise-compelling power; his strength developes itself in action; opposition is needful to bring out his energies. The man that is worth the having does not expect to go through life lapped in a rose leaf; he does not stand on the shore shivering like a sick girl, but boldly plunges in, battling with the waves, and glorying in his power to overcome.

To a young man commencing life in an age like this, when rapidity of life tends to superficialness, competition, to selfishness, of how much value the frequent study of these characters, whose names stand out before us, eminent for sterling worth and honest purpose, who shine without borrowed light; firm and unfaltering—men who mount upward regardless alike of the world's neglect and scorn; who shrink from no sacrifice, either of personal or relative joy, powerful in patience, as in energy, who can watch and wait instead, experiment, and endure privation in the pursuit of what to ordinary minds, seems but a vision of dreamland, but which the forecast of genius affirms to be a possibility of solver life, a self-taught and unaided man, undaunted by difficulties, not yielding to temptation, not overcome by failure,

"The Elements so mixed in him that Nature
might stand up
And say to all the world, 'this was a man.'"

☞ A Curious Faith—The only devil worshippers known to exist are the Yezidis, a singular race of people living in Armenia. The Yezidis were formerly Christians, were then converted to Mahommedanism, and now, apparently disgusted with both faiths, have betaken themselves to diabolism. The theory of their priest is that although the mighty angel Satan, the chief of the angelic host, at present has a quarrel with God, yet a reconciliation will hereafter take place, and he will be restored to his high rank in the celestial hierarchy. This is the foundation of their hope, and they consider themselves perfectly safe in trusting their destiny to it. Among such a people the profane phrase "Go to the devil!" would of course be considered as an expression of good will.

☞ The Bangor Advertiser tells a good story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down East, until he had shown the landlord his "pewter." Boniface then did his best, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host and said: "Mister, you've seed my money, and I've seed your dinner—good by."

☞ One of our soldiers says he asked a Kentucky farmer why he did not plant fruit trees. "Do you think," said he, "that I want a perch of rocks and clubs thrown into my lot every year? No, sir; I do not want any apple trees on my farm."

☞ The term "Shad Eaters," has sometimes been irreverently applied to members of the Connecticut Legislature. How base a slander it is, is shown by the statement—said to be a fact—that one member from the rural districts ate a shad and a half at dinner the other day at one of the Hartford hotels. He said "it was all he wanted."

☞ He that makes himself a sheep shall be eaten by a wolf.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is a better feeling in the market. The week's transactions reach about 13,000 bbls Flour, at $6@6 75 for low grade and choice superfine; $6 87½@7 50 for extras; $7 50@9 for family, and $10@11 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet at $5 25 for the former, and $3@5 50 ₩ bbl for Pennsylvania and Brandywine Meal.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and prime Wheat has been in demand, with sales of 20,000 bush at $1 70@1 95 for fair to prime reds, including White, in small lots, at $2@2 25, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—Sales at 85c for Delaware and 95c for Pennsylvania and Western. Corn—Sales of 25,000 bush are reported at 87@88c for Yellow. White sold at 85@91c. Oats—Sales of 18,000 bush at 57 to 70c for Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS continue dull and neglected. Sales Mess Pork at $21@26; Beef at $15@22 for country and city mess, the latter for extra, and Beef Hams at $27@28 ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off at 18@23 for plain and fancy Hams, and 16@17c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling at 18@20c for Hams in pickle, and 14@15c for Shoulders in salt. Lard—Sales at 17@18½c for western, in bbls and tierces, the latter for prime, and kegs at 20@21c. Butter is selling at 17@25c for fair to good, and 30@33c for choice lots. Cheese is firm at 15@18c ₩ lb. Eggs continue in request at 20@21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled; sales 200 bales at 43½@51c for middlings.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₩ ton, and Tanners' Bark at $15@23 ₩ cord, the latter for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—Sales at 45@50c ₩ lb.

COAL—There is very little doing, and prices are nominally $6@6,50 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm but dull.

FEATHERS are moving off at 60c ₩ lb.

HAY is dull, and the sales limited at $20 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 30@45c ₩ lb, the latter for choice Western.

IRON—The market is very dull; sales Pig Metal at $25@27 for No 1.

LUMBER—The market is firm. White Pine ranges at $28@32; Yellow Sap at $25@27, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $20 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—Sales 700 hhds, mostly Cuba Muscovado, at 43@43½c, and 300 hhds Porto Rico at 68@70c, all on time.

OILS—Petroleum is selling at 27@30c for Crude, 40@50c for refined in bond, and 69@70c for Free Oil.

PLASTER is unchanged; sales at $3,75 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales at 10@10¼c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing in Clover or Timothy. We quote the former at $8@10, and the latter at $2,50@3 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is selling at $2,40@2,45 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quiet, but Whiskey is better, with sales of bbls at $2,05@2,10, and in small lots at $2,12@2,15, the latter for western.

TALLOW is held at 10¼@10½c for rendered.

WOOL—The market is very quiet, the sales being mostly confined to small lots fleece, at from 60@70c for low mixed and fine, the former for new clip, which is beginning to arrive. Tub is held at 80c, and Yarns at $1,10@1,20.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from $7,50@8,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2100 Hogs at from $10 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $25 to 50 ₩ head.

☞ North Adams is known as a pleasant village in the Berkshire section of Massachusetts. A few days since a mysterious gentleman, a stranger, engaged board at the village hotel. He desired that no person would speak to him except the landlord. He was good-looking and well dressed. Several ladies endeavored to make his acquaintance, but failed. Finally bolder ones appointed a committee of five to visit him. They did so, and stated their business. He eyed them, and replied: "I am a stranger and a criminal. I was convicted in New York of a heavy crime. The judge sentenced me to eight years in Sing Sing or to live in North Adams six months—I chose the latter." The ladies retired, and the stranger was not again disturbed.

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SEVEN HUNDRED VOLUNTEERS SICK IN CAMP.—Young men, be warned in time, supply yourself with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. They are guaranteed to cure the worst cases of Sores, Ulcers, Scurvy, Fevers, and Bowel Complaints. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.50 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. SURE CURE.
"Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"
"Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"
Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 50 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. febl5-cow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of May, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Lieut. GEORGE W. WATSON, JR., U. S. N., to Miss ISABELLA HANNA, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. John B. Dales, WILLIAM H. STANBURY, of Camden, N. J., to ISABEL H. ALEXANDER, of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, LAWRENCE J. HORN to EMMA M., daughter of Isaac Langerbartel, both of this city.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Osborn, Dr. ASA A. SMITH, of Malaga, N. J., to Miss ROXIE STILLE, of Tuckahoe, N. J.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES F. SMITH to Miss ELLEN C. WHILE, both of this city.

On the 28th of May, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. GEORGE C. CARPENTER, of Del., to Miss ANNIE J. HARVEY, of this city.

On the 29th of May, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FRANK H. WAITE to Mrs. SARAH A. SYVALY, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. DAVID BAILY to Miss MARY E. WHEATLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of May, FRANCIS K. HOWELL, in his 42d year.

On the 30th of May, JOSEPH F. MARSHALL, in his 28th year.

On the 29th of May, CHARLES REEVES, in his 65th year.

On the 30th of May, ELLEN HARDEN, in her 38th year.

On the 29th of May, LAVANETTE ENGARD, in his 30th year.

On the 28th of May, CLEMENT CLARK, in his 66th year.

On the 27th of May, ISAAC P. ROWLAND, in his 62d year.

On the 27th of May, SARAH E. CARPENTER, in her 23d year.

On the 26th of May, SARAH S. LIPPINCOTT, in her 68th year.

On the 26th of May, JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, in his 42d year.

On the 25th of May, EMILY N., wife of Jos. KNOX, in her 61st year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
my13-3m Philadelphia.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

HUMPHREY'S
SPECIFIC HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES

HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

No.		Price of Single Boxes—Cents.
1	Cures Fevers, Congestion and Inflammation	25
2	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3	" Crying Cold, or Teething of Infants	25
4	" Diarrhœa of Children and Adults	25
5	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	" Cholera Morbus, Nausea, or Vomiting	25
7	" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis	25
8	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
17	" Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Opthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, or influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods even with Spasms	50
32	" Sufferings at Change of Life	$1 00
33	" Epilepsy, Spasms, and St. Vitus' Dance	1 00
34	" Diphtheria and Ulcerated Throat	50

FAMILY CASES.
Case of 25 vials, in morocco case, Book complete $10 00
Case of Twenty large vials, in morocco, and Book 5 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book 5 00
Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book 3 00

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.

Dr. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

Dyott & Co., Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealers.
Retailed by all Philadelphia Druggists.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine everywhere. my27-3m

BURLESQUE LIFE OF JEFF DAVIS!
The most gloriously funny thing, just as full of humor as it can be, with numerous comic illustrations, in July No. of MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY. A splendid number with improvements and new features. Prize Puzzle every month with Greenback Prizes. Sold by newsmen or sent, post-paid, for 15 cents, 3 specimens 30 cents. No free copies. HANEY & CO., 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.
☞ Will be sent 6 months (July to Dec inclusive) for 60 cents, 2 copies $1, Club of 4 and one free to getter up $2. Regular rates $1 25 a year. Subscribe now.
Editors inserting the above (displayed the same) as often as they see fit will receive one copy six months free.

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OR, JEFF. DAVIS' LAST DITCH. A Ballad with Piano Accompaniment, by J. W. Turner. The most popular song out—sung everywhere. The title page represents the sour apple tree in good bearing condition, with the fugitive hero clad in female attire dashing along under the suggestive noose, his gold in one hand, and in the other the dagger, which is the emblem of the assassin. Price 30 cts. Sold by all Music Dealers. Sent, post-paid, by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boston. je10-1f

COLORED PICTURES OF GRANT, SHERMAN, all the other Generals and Battle Scenes of the war. Size 13x18 inches, 12 cents each. Ten for $1. Also Cartes de Visites, 10 cents each, $1 per dozen. All sent by mail free of postage. Catalogues of over 500 Books and Pictures, sent free. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 191 Division St., New York City. je10-2t

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. je10-10

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 800 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN,
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AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE
An invention urgently needed by everybody, of samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
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UNITED STATES
7-30 Loan.
THIRD SERIES,
$230,000,000.
By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the
7-30 LOAN.
These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into
U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.
These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to
One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents " " $100 "
Ten " " $500 "
20 " " $1,000 "
$1 " " $5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.
The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.
The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.
The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment is gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.
The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is
THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET
Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the
GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.
Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.
In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.
JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
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ap22-3m

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THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
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The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
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In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for TWO DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
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DRS. BASSET & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c. to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 945 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25 3m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
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ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je8-1y

ARMY
$7. WATCH. $10.
A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month*, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.
A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent *free*, by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.
Ladies' and Gents' fine Enamelled and fancy Cased English and American LEVERS from $25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions at reduced prices.
Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 and 40 Ann St., New York. my27-4t

THE LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.
This is an instrument of high magnifying power, for the examination of living or dead insects, flowers, seeds, minerals, claws on a fly's foot, tubular structure of hair, and other objects innumerable. It can be carried in the pocket or attached to a watch chain. A pleasing instrument for old or young. Liberal terms by the dozen. A sample will be sent, post-paid, for one dollar.
Also, the new and beautiful folding
POCKET STEREOSCOPE,
which magnifies pictures large and life-like, will be sent, post-paid, for $3. Choice Stereoscopic views $3 per dozen. Address
GEORGE MEAD,
Thompsonville, Racine Co., Wisconsin.
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MICROSCOPE.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,
No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,
Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

$125 A MONTH!—AGENTS WANTED every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark* $20 *Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

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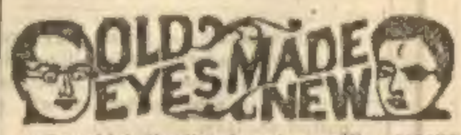

A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts
Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D.,
ap8-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit: For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 White St., New York. ap15-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Reading a Love Letter.

An amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:—

Molly, a housemaid, is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and sympathy for soapsuds, that amounts to a passion. She is a buxom, bustling, busy, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers about our book shelves, makes war upon our papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and unlighted corners.

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's-length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered—

"An' it plase yer honor, Paddy O'Reily, and the betther than him doesn't breathe in ould Ireland, has been writin' of me a leether—a love leether, plase your honor; an'—an'—"

We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it, by reading the letter. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her finger.

"Shure," she resumed, "an' that's just what I want; but is isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be knowing the secrets between us, and so," here she twisted the cotton quite nervously, "if it'll only plase yer honor, while yer radeing it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if ye'll *just put this bit of cotton in yer ear an' stop up yer hearin', and thin the secrets will be unknown to ye.*"

We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident.

Josh Billings on Shanghais.

The shanghi rooster is a gintile, and speaks in a forin tung. He is bilt on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with legs he wud resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off a kood best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injins that kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar tew the mud-turkle. Tha often go to sleep standing, and sum times pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a pickaxe. There feed consists uv corn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass, troubled with the bronkeesucks. Tha will eat as much to oust as a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy to kook, you have to bile one end uv them to a time, you kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. The female rooster lays an egg as big as a kokeenut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she batches out a litter of young shanghis, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 uv them, the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a cirkus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass when ever they can. The man who fust brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kink in a clothes line, but not till he had swalloced 16 feet ov it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you plese; I would rather board a traveling colporter, and ax for eating one, give me a biled owl rare dun, or a turkee buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!—*Poughkeepsian.*

The Advantage of Security.

Some weeks agone, I strolled into a friend's counting-room. He being absent, I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good-looking "cullud pussun" entered, doffed his castor, and said—

"Mas' Bob, can you len me a quarter till dis artnoon, and I pay him, sartain?"

Mas' Bob applied his dexter to his vest pocket, but it made "no sign." I turned.

"Well, Buck, you look tolerably honest, but as I don't know you, if you will give me security, I'll lend you the quarter."

His eye brightened as he asked,—

"Mas' Bob, will you go my security?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

I forked over. Some time afterwards, wending the same way, as I was about to enter the office, the identical Buck stood before me.

"Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay me, as you promised."

"No, sah! but I gif you security."

"Well, but I want you to pay me,—I lent you the quarter."

"Dat's true, sah, but it am de custom down here to xaust de security fust."

Clerical Calls.

An exchange, alluding to the fact that most of the "calls" which modern clergymen feel so imperatively bound to obey, are from comparatively low salaries to high ones, says that these "calls" remind him of the honest old negro's anecdote, which, though well known, is good enough to repeat often.

A certain divine, having concluded to change his pastoral situation, mentioned his determination from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro, who was one of his admirers, went up to him and desired to know his motives in leaving his flock. The parson answered,

"He had a call."

"Where from, massa?" said the negro.

"The Lord," answered the parson.

"Massa, what you get for preaching here?"

"Six hundred dollars, Cuffee."

"And what you got toder place?"

"A thousand."

"Ah, massa, de Lord call you till he be blind from $1,000 to $600—you no go!"

A New Name.—A young lady recently entered a shop of a fashionable milliner, for the purpose of making some trifling purchase.

"How is your mother, miss?" politely inquired the lady.

"She is not very well," replied Affectionate.

"Ah! what is the matter with her?"

"She fell down stairs, and hurt her *courtesy-bender* very much."

"Her what?"

"Her courtesy-bender."

"Courtesy-bender! what is that?" inquired the puzzled milliner.

"Why, *her knee*," said the blushing damsel.

Papa.—"Well, Lucy, what has Miss Trimmer set you to do for to-morrow?"

Lucy.—"Oh, papa, dear, it's on pneumatics in relation to—but you really *wouldn't* understand it, if I told you."

"Hardly Knew You."

A maiden lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but, on the accession of a small property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, &c., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and *hoopless* old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming,

"'Hardly knew you,' indeed! Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly knew you!' I guess I don't come *here* again very soon!"

Rather Variable.—"How do you steer going into the Gut of Canso?" inquired a mackerel skipper unacquainted with that navigation, of Uncle Zeke Galesby, of the codfish clipper Ten Sisters, of Deunis; and this is the manner of Captain Zeke's answer, about as clear as Carlyle—

"Why, that depends a good deal on circumstances, cap'n. Ye see, when I have the wind any way about south-so'west, a leetle north'ardly with all, I steer in about east-northeast, a quarter west."

Another time, when somebody asked Captain Zeke what was the best wind to get up James River with, he replied, promptly,

"A whirlwind. That's the only wind ever I knowed that'll blow all the way up Jeemes River."

Truth Won't Always Do.—We once knew a man, who, on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in his rage, and paced the room back and forth like a chafed tiger.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked the wife.

"Matter!" roared the angry husband, "matter enough! Neighbor B——— has publicly called me a liar."

"Oh, never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman, "he can't prove it, and nobody will believe it."

"Prove it, you fool!" roared the madman, more furiously than before, "he did prove it. He brought witnesses and proved it on the spot; else how could I be in such an infernal passion?"

☞ When Benjamin parted with Jeff. Davis, he said: "We're both going to the same place." "How is that?" asked Davis. "Well," said Benjamin, "I'm going to Europe, and you're going to your rope."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Having been kindly offered by the publishers the conductorship of an agricultural column in the Saturday Evening Post, I have only to remark, by way of self-introduction, that "to the best of my knowledge and belief," I will always fill the column so full as I can with the best agricultural material to be found in the market—or what I honestly believe to be such.

Cosmo.

Cutting and Curing Clover.

The cutting and curing of clover hay has been so long and ably discussed—or at least discussed by writers as able as any among us upon other topics—that it seems as if it were quite time that some certain, reliable, never-failing rule for the management of clover, in the cutting, curing and safe-keeping of the material in the best possible condition for winter feeding, ought long since to have been discovered, published everywhere, and practised by everybody having clover hay to cut and keep.

Unfortunately it would seem, however, that it has not; or if the discovery has really been made, and the knowledge has been imparted to fifty thousand or so of us agriculturists, there are not above five out of the whole number who can by any possibility be induced to follow plain, simple directions that would insure us, if followed, sweet, bright clover hay so long as a lock of it remained.

No; for fear of being imposed upon by an improvement, we prefer to follow our old barbarian practices of murdering clover, and then in the spring put forth our lamentations—A, that his clover is musty, and the cattle won't eat it; B, that his whole "mow" is semi-carbonized—burned black—worthless—good for nothing. C declares that his clover hay that he put in bright and well cured, came out a sodden, rotten mass—muck. Fit only for manure.

Now it is scarcely worth while to go into an investigation of facts to ascertain if A B and C have cured and properly put away their clover. That would teach us nothing profitable. The truth is itself clear enough. If we cut, cure, and put away our clover properly, it will come out so, unless our barn leaks, fire lays hold of it, or some thief drags it out and off.

Now it is probable that if every one having clover that he wishes to keep in good condition until it is required for use, will follow the plain, simple directions of one who has tried the experiment many times, always finding it successful, his wishes will be accomplished.

Cut the clover when in full bloom, just when the first brown begins to show on the tallest, largest blossoms. Cut always after the dew is well off in the forenoon, and on clear, bright days. Spread evenly after the mower, and let the clover *wilt* from five to six hours, and then hurry it into cocks of about a hundred pounds each, as fast as possible. Cover with something at night that will keep off the dew, and uncover early in the morning. Let the clover remain in the field two days to cure. Then haul to the barn, and put the material away as follows:

If the barn has a ground "bay," raise a platform of rails or poles, eighteen inches from the ground, and on it lay in the bay two feet deep. Then over the clover spread evenly six inches of any kind of bright, dry straw, or old corn blades or tops, so that they are dry and sound. Then two feet again of clover, and six inches of straw, and so alternate until the "mow" is filled.

Cut, cured, and put away thus, clover will come out after a six months' nap, as sweet, bright, and palatable food as it was the day it was put away. One of the beauties and advantages of this method is, that if straw be used as an interlayer, the material will become so impregnated with the aroma of the clover, that stock will feed it as readily, and almost as clean, as the clover itself.

The office of the straw is simply that of a ventilator. In all regions where hemlock boughs are procurable, they are preferable to all other material—cut, and laid in green the same as straw, only not more than half as thick. Horned cattle and sheep "browse" greedily on hemlock foliage in winter, and after serving as a ventilator, the material affords both food and medicine for stock.

Tobacco Suckering.

No matter how much we may rail in private and public—no matter how much almost deified dimity may cough, and *faugh!* and say "abominable"—*beastly—odious!*" and turn up its pretty nose until it becomes a forced *retrousse* at chewers and smokers—they *will* go on chewing and smoking all the more obstinately. And farmers will cultivate the filthy "weed" wherever they find more money in it than there is in wheat or corn, and that area is widening marvelously—our opinion is that whatever tends to lessen the labor of producing the crop in the best condition is worthy of consideration.

Now sucking tobacco is not a laborious performance by any means, but it requires *hands* nevertheless, and must be done in season, or much of the value of the crop may be wasted in worthless suckers. So if we can conscientiously recommend the use of an efficient little home-made *suckerer*, such as we have used for several years in Tobacco Land with success, performing the work of at least five experts with our single hand, the probability is, that it will be worth the tobacco grower's while to look sharp just along here, learn how the thing is made and make one for himself on the forenoon of the first rainy day. He can do it easily enough in an hour if he is provided with brains enough to build an ordinary goose yoke.

Take the blade of any old worthless jack or table knife, about half an inch wide and one and a half inches long. Grind down one end of the bit of steel like a primer chisel, only with a longer slant or bevil. Then take the thumb of an old buckskin glove, or not having that article, sew up—or if you are too clumsy—get Kate or Becky, or mother, wife, or any of the women folks to sew up for you a bit of an old boot leg into a "cot" that will fit your thumb snug. Then on one side of the "cot" sew a strip of the same material lengthwise, forming a sheath, into which thrust the blade so deep that when the cot is fitted to the thumb the cutting edge of the chisel will project three-sixteenths of an inch below the nail.

Thus armed you may take to the tobacco-field, and after an hour's apprenticeship you will be perfectly astonished, perhaps something delighted, at the rapidity with which you can gouge out suckers.

We have either dreamed or read somewhere of a patented tobacco suckerer, but if there be such a thing we have no idea what it is like, or where obtainable. This one of ours is neither patented nor patentable, and it having served our purpose most admirably these twenty years, we give it to the public free gratis in welcome.

Farmers—Listen.

Mowing time—harvest time is close at hand, and you will have a good deal of grinding to do of reaper and mower teeth or cutters, scythes, &c. Do you know that by grinding in the direction of the "cut" the implement will retain its cutting edge just three times as long as it will if ground parallel with the edge? It will. Now the cutting part of your reaper blade is shaped thus—V. Well, by holding the cutting edges at right angles with the moving surface of the grindstone, you draw the fibres of steel all with their ends in the direction of the cut, and treble the duration of cutting capacity.

Rainy Days.

Farmers, more than any other class of men, perhaps are very apt to say covertly to themselves when they wake in the morning and find it raining, with a prospect of its raining all day—

"Well, let it rain. I don't care much. There is nothing very hurrying on hand. I can rest today."

Now that is a mistake—that "nothing very hurrying." All days are hurrying days just at this particular season. Take a look into and through the tool department. The possibility is there will be found work for two or three rainy days—work that is hurrying too. Just as likely as not there is the horse rake, put by in the condition it was used last—a tooth wanting, and one of the handles loose. Put that rake in working order. Then there is the mower—precisely as it was rolled in here after last season's harvesting. The cutters dull as an old hoe, a guide or two missing, a rod bent, several nuts loose, and the seat shackelly. Grind up cutters, straighten rods, put to new guides and secure the seat. You will want the machine afield in a few days. Look along further among the fanning implements—you will find plenty to occupy you, and a hired man or two besides. Never idle away a rainy day, particularly in haying and harvest time. There is always enough to be done if you'll only look it up.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The fruit season is coming—almost with us again; and supposing every one to be quite willing to make the most of it, or rather to make the most and the best they can of fruits as they come into season, I proceed to place at the disposal of the public a few samples of my witchery with the small fruits, which though practiced by myself, in another latitude, I believe may be made practicable and palatable in *any* latitude where small fruits are obtainable. My first favorite is—

Strawberry Cup Cake.—My own plan of preparation is to have from six to ten tin rings, three inches in diameter, two deep, and slightly flaring, soldered at the small end, in two rows, to a sheet of good strong tin. Fill these rings two-thirds full of any of the nice cake material you prefer for the tea table, and set in in a moderately hot oven to bake. While the baking is progressing, pick over and hull a quart of the finest strawberries you can get. Then whip to a froth the whites of three eggs, and thicken with white powdered sugar until you can spread it smoothly with a knife without its running. When the cake is done to a bright brown, remove them from the oven, spread over the top of them the egg icing an eighth of an inch thick, and set in it, so that they nearly touch each other, the finest of the strawberries, the large end down. Return the form to the oven for ten minutes, and the cakes are ready for the table. They are ornamental, and very nice to eat.

A Cherry Stack.—I named the composition thus because the first one I ever saw I built in a region where classical names for cookery were very little known, and the thing really resembled a *stack* more than any other thing I was familiar with, so I called it one. It served my purpose.

Wash and stone as many good, ripe cherries as the size of your stack will require; then roll out as nearly round as possible, a quarter of an inch thick and six inches in diameter, a sheet of dough, shortened and made up as for pie crust.

Spread a layer of cherries over the surface of a sheet of dough, leaving a margin of half an inch or so all round the edge. Roll out a second sheet an inch less in diameter than the first, cover the cherries with it, and turn up and lap down the lower sheet over the edge all round of the upper one. Spread with cherries, and cover as in the first instance, diminishing each successive crust until you have built up a *stack* eight inches high and three in diameter at the apex. Draw on over the stack a cotton cap, shaped to fit, place the fabric in a steamer and cook two hours. Eaten with any of the pudding sauces, the Cherry Stack is very good.

Currant Cream.—I suppose every cook knows how to prepare rice blanc mange—if not, it will do just as well to cook rice in milk until it is so thoroughly done that being placed in a strong cloth, the material can be squeezed by the hand, into a soft pulpy mass having no whole grains in it. This having been done, thin it if necessary, with new milk, to the consistency of a batter made for griddle cakes and then stir in nice, ripe red currants, one quart of fruit to two of batter. Fill the small sized bar-room, or other very small-bottomed tumblers with the material; set the tumblers in a dish and the dish into a kettle of water, and boil twenty minutes. Turned out and served either hot or cold on suitable dishes, the cones bottom upwards, you have a very pretty and palatable desert for the dinner-table.

Extract of Words.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as ear. The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky, yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was trebly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm leaf: "This is the sum of all science—Perhaps." "This is the sum of all morality—Love that which is good, and practice it." "This is the sum of all creeds—Believe what is true, and do not toil all you believe."

☞ A musician, complaining that the tyrant Dyonisius gave him nothing, after promising him much, for the exercise of his art—"You fool, we are quits," said the tyrant; "you tickled my ears, and I did the very same by yours."

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 29, 24, 5, 6, 3, 15, 2, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 4, 7, 10, 33, 3, 27, 8, 10, 15, 6, is an animal.
My 16, 5, 31, is an eculent root.
My 9, 12, 13, 21, is part of the day.
My 17, 33, 20, is a species of ox.
My 14, 18, 35, 6, 35, is usually wooden.
My 32, 22, 25, 34, is sometimes very bright.
My 23, 3, 3, 31, 3, 9, 10, 11, 26, 21, is a noted city.
My 30, 19, 6, is a pronoun.
My 26, 3, 34, 18, is not bad to take.
My whole is an old saying.

Newport, R. I. EDWARD NEWTON.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A flower which yields a perfume sweet,
2. A very wholesome fruit,
3. A country noted for its heat,
4. A king who was a brute.

The initials, rightly joined together,
We sometimes have in stormy weather.

Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in far, but not in near.
My 2d is in sword, but not in spear.
My 3d is in war, but not in peace.
My 4th is in Maine, but not in Greece.
My 5th is in day, but not in night.
My 6th is in eye, but not in sight.
My 7th is in house, but not in shed.
My 8th is in kill, but not in dead.
My 9th is in babe, but not in boy.
My 10th is in grief, but not in joy.
My 11th is in this, but not in that.
My 12th is in head, but not in hat.
My 13th is in great, but not in low.
My 14th is in horse, but not in cow.
My 15th is in say, but not in said.
My 16th is in marry, but not in wed.
My 17th is in corn, but not in wheat.
My 18th is in cold, but not in heat.
My 19th is in mount, but not in hill.
My 20th is in slay, but not in kill.
My 21st is in bill, but not in note.
My 22d is in bull, but not in goat.
My 23d is in read, but not in spell.
My 24th is in sold, but not in sell.
My 25th is in come, but not in go.
My 26th is in finger, but not in toe.
My 27th is in fill, but not in full.
My 28th is in wise, but not in fool.
My 29th is in like, but not in hate.
My 30th is in stile, but not in gate.
My 31st is in light, but not in dark.
My 32d is in ship, but not in bark.
My 33d is in this riddle found,
Where Christ invited sinners.

WILLIAM VASEY.

Waverly, Morgan Co., Ill.

Perpetuity Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain ball, moving in *uniform velocity*, (that is, without ever increasing or diminishing its speed,) say 99 miles each and every hour, moved in a spiral widening circle, accomplishing its first revolution in 23 hours and 59 minutes; but the circle wherein it moved wideneth in such ratio or proportion, (the ball keeping on in its uniform movement,) that it took up 1 day and 1 minute for its next turn of the widening circle. Now, supposing this uniform movement of the ball in these widening circles would continue in the same geometrical ratio to *all eternity*; it is believed there is a rule in Mathematical Science by which a very near answer can be found respecting the number of revolutions the said ball will ever be able to make in the above said ever progressive widening circle. And if any mathematician is found possessing the rule, he is requested to return an answer to the above given problem—giving the number of circles the said ball ever will make. AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the diameter of a roll of cloth 200 yards long and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. THOMAS IRISH.

Dubuque, Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a miller and a matron? Ans.—One is a moth, and the other is a moth-er.

☞ What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? Ans.—Noah's ark was a pretty high ark, but an archbishop is a hierarch (higher ark.)

☞ What is the difference between a drummer-boy and a pound of meat? Ans.—One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

☞ What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? Ans.—One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to salt.

☞ What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? Ans.—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"That reminds me of a little joke." REBUS—Middletown, (Mother, Ireland, Dickens, Dead, Liberty, "Enoch Arden," Tippet, Odessa, William, Nelson.) CHARADE—Catalogue, (Cat-a-log.) RIDDLE—Freedom.

Answer to PROBLEM by Hildebert Hobel, March 26th:—52 A. 80 per.—Daniel Diefenbach and Morgan Stevens.

M. Stevens's, same date:—I was in Canada, lat. 46 deg. 48 min. 56.1 sec.; lon. 71 deg. 24 min. 28.4 sec. Height of fort above the surface of the river, 227.5157 feet.

Answer to Walter Siverly's, April 1st:—4.8241 rods.—Morgan Stevens.

Gill Bates's, same date:—3.16 sec.—J. M. Greenwood and G. B.

X.'s, same date:—8, 12, and 24—2, 4, and 6.—J. M. Greenwood. Author's answer—24, 32, and 48.—4, 6, and 8.